A NEW SERIAL STORY BY W. D. HOWELLS BEGINS IN THIS NUMBER.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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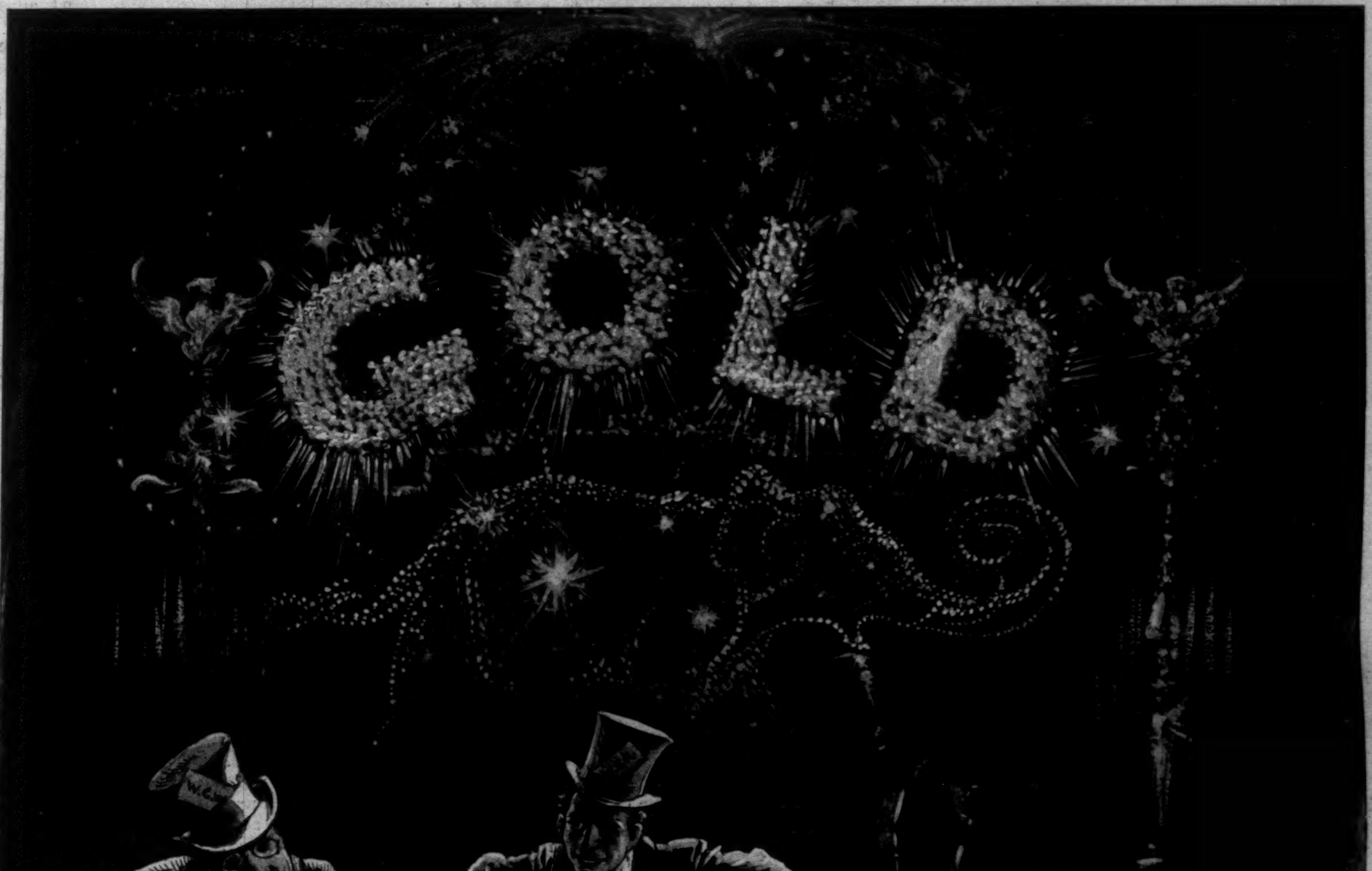

THE RIVAL FOURTH-OF-JULY CELEBRATIONS.

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(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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THE DEMOCRATS AND THE MONEY QUESTION.

THE adoption by the Republican National Convention at St. Louis of a clear and emphatic declaration in favor of the maintenance of the gold standard has put before the Democratic party an alternative of the greatest possible simplicity. Either the Democratic party, through its national convention, takes a straightforward position for the gold standard, and then contests the Presidential election on the ground that, while the Democratic and the Republican parties are equally trustworthy on the money question, the Democratic party deserves the preference for other reasons, whatever they may be; or the Democratic party refuses to declare itself for the maintenance of the gold standard, and adopts either a straightforward free-coinage platform or some apparent compromise, "giving something to silver," which will virtually put it on the free-coinage side; and then the Presidential election will be contested on the simple gold-or-silver issue. Indeed, the money question has, in spite of all the efforts to repress it made by practical politicians, so irresistibly forced itself into the foreground that, if there is any difference concerning it between the two great political parties, that difference will, in the impending campaign, inevitably swallow up every other consideration.

If the Democratic National Convention at Chicago chooses the first horn of the dilemma—that is, takes a clear position in favor of the gold standard—it will do the country, as well as the Democratic party, a great service. And the Democratic leaders who honestly and consistently struggle for the accomplishment of this end deserve all possible praise and encouragement. They deserve this all the more as their task is one of stupendous difficulty. They will not only have to overcome in their convention a very large hostile majority, consisting in great part of unreasoning and furious fanatics, but in order to inspire the friends of sound money with any confidence, they will have to extort from that majority a demonstration of good faith in support of the gold standard not only as strong as that put forth by the Republicans at St. Louis, but stronger. They must not permit themselves to forget that, as to the money question, the Democrats are laboring under a peculiar disadvantage.

It is true, that since the beginning of the silver fight the Republicans have sinned much by their compromising course—that policy of concession which constantly encouraged the silver men to ask for more. But it is no less true that in all the currency struggles we have had after the close of the civil war the sound-money sentiment has, on the whole throughout the country, been considerably stronger in the Republican than in the Democratic party. Of this we have had quite recently a very conspicuous and instructive demonstration. After having been greatly tainted with the paper-inflation heresy before the resumption of specie payments, and then with the silver mania, the Democratic party somewhat re-established itself in the confidence of the business interests of the country by nominating for the Presidency, in 1892, Mr. CLEVELAND, who was known as a firm and courageous sound-money man. But this regained confidence has been forfeited again by the decidedly hostile treatment Mr. CLEVELAND'S administration, just for the reason of its fidelity to the sound-money cause, has received at the hands of a majority of the Democratic party, so far as it is represented by its recognized leaders in and out of Congress, as well as by its local conventions and committees. To regain that lost confidence now will therefore be infinitely more difficult than it was in 1892. The Democratic party stands, as to the money question, not merely in the position of an original sinner, but, which is much worse, in that of a backslider after apparent conversion and amendment. Thus the presumption is so strongly against it that its credit can be restored only by an entirely unquestionable proof of good faith.

If, therefore, the Democratic National Convention wishes those interested in sound money to believe that the national government can be intrusted to Democratic hands without danger to the existing monetary standard, it must, after all that has happened, not only put a perfectly clear and emphatic gold declaration into its platform, but also nominate a candidate whose character and past career give the most indubitable proof not only that he holds correct views, but also that he will surely be firm and courageous enough when in office to resist the pressure not only of his opponents, but of his party friends. It is idle for the Democrats to say that this is unjust because asking more of them than of the Republicans, who, after having made a good platform, put upon it a candidate open to question. The simple answer is that, while this may be so, and while in the past the conduct of the Republican party has by no means been always above reproach, the Republicans have, on the whole, won the reputation of being, as to the money question, substantially as good as their platforms; and now, since they have deliberately and by an overwhelming majority in their convention made a good one, it is eminently probable that the party influence will be exerted to sustain it. On the other hand, the Democratic promises of 1892 have been most shamefully violated by a majority of the Democratic Senators and Representatives in Congress, and an apparent majority of the party has so fiercely assailed and vilified its own President because of his very fidelity to those promises, that the Democrats must not find fault with the friends of sound money for exacting, as a condition of their confidence and support, from the Democrats stronger guarantees than from the Republicans.

On one point the Democratic leaders should not indulge in any delusion—namely, that they can hold their party together by a compromise or straddle on the money question. By adopting a platform capable of one interpretation by the gold men and of another by the silver men they may at best prevent an open bolt at Chicago and technically preserve their "party organization." But the inevitable effect will be to scatter the rank and file. Such attempts at deception have been so frequent of late, and they have become so transparent in the light of experience, that, instead of deceiving any one who is earnestly for gold or for silver, a repetition of the trick will disgust both sides. A compromise platform will simply serve to drive sincere gold-standard Democrats over to the Republicans and sincere free-coinage Democrats to the Populists, leaving the Democracy seated between two chairs as a party that cannot be trusted by either.

THE ONLY ESSENTIAL PLANK.

THERE is a good deal in the Republican platform which was adopted the other day at St. Louis which is absurd, and which would be discouraging if it were to be taken seriously. But, as a matter of fact, only one plank in the platform is to be taken as indicative of what will be the governing policy and the deeds of the party in power during the coming four years, if Mr. MCKINLEY is elected President.

The Republican party has really reversed the leading tradition of party platforms in respect of one of its utterances. It has made a promise that can be trusted. It seems to have been the accepted conviction of the delegates at St. Louis that the struggle for the declaration for the gold standard really meant something, and that the convention had made "straddles" on this subject in the Republican party hereafter impossible. Doubtless many free-coinage men will remain nominally in the Republican ranks, and doubtless, also, some of them will be found in the next Congress; but when they feel called upon to engage in a struggle for their pet heresy, they must, after this, carry on the contest against their party. They cannot be deceived, as Mr. TELLER and his bolting associates declared that they were deceived, by such ambiguous phrases as composed the money plank of the platform of 1892. There is no ambiguity about the money plank of the present platform. The declaration in favor of the maintenance of the gold standard is explicit. It is that, until the impossible happens, "the existing gold standard must be preserved." Mr. TELLER was a member of the Committee on Resolutions in 1892, as he was this year, and he announces, in effect, that he understood the platform of four years ago to mean that the Republican party favored silver legislation in addition to the discredited SHERMAN law, which was still on the statute-book. He had reason for this understanding, both on account of the assurances that he had received from fellow-members of the committee, and on account of the doubtful language of the platform itself, in which the Republican party demanded the "use of both gold and silver as standard money, with restrictions and under such provisions to be determined by legislation as will secure the maintenance of the parity of values of the two metals." This year Mr. TELLER and the extreme silver men joined with the advocates of the single gold standard in demanding that the money plank of the platform should be explicit. Both sides desired that there should be no opportunity for misapprehension or misinterpretation, while the straddlers sought the adoption of a plank practically a repetition of the discredited plank of 1892. It was the general understanding that once more the platform should establish the party policy, at least on the money question, and therefore the declaration can be taken not only to mean precisely what it says, but to indicate the conduct of the next administration, should that administration be Republican.

In 1892 the money plank was intended to catch the votes of both gold and silver men. This year the silver men are deliberately driven out of the party. The rest of the platform of this year is as unimportant as all platforms usually are. As a rule, a modern party platform is a great drag-net for votes. There is some Jingoism in the St. Louis platform, but of a timid sort that indicates a distrust in the strength of Jingoism before the country. Every influence that can possibly affect a vote is appealed to, except the influences that are nearly always constitutionally opposed to the Republican party. Some of the voters who are usually hostile to the Republicans are this year brought to the assistance of the party by the money plank, and it has been safely assumed that they will not be driven off by the follies, mostly meaningless and harmless, of the rest of the platform. The truth is, the money question wholly overshadows all the other issues. It is vital, for its settlement will determine the place of the United States among commercial powers, leaving it among the gold-using nations of the first rank, or ranging it with the nations of a lower grade, even with nations that are yet to be civilized. The nation is strong enough to withstand or recover from all the other follies which its politicians can inflict upon it, but the silver madness has already worked great injury, and it is absolutely necessary that it be driven out of our politics at once.

As to the remainder of the platform, it may be taken to mean that Republicans in official life will act upon the various subjects mentioned according to their own interpretations. With the exception of the tariff plank, they mean nothing but perfunctory responses to what the politicians regard as a popular demand. The tariff plank comes nearer to expressing Republican sentiment than any of the other planks with which the money plank is associated. Every economic statement in this plank is economically false; every historical statement is historically untrue; every statement about the present tariff is a partisan misrepresentation. But we may console ourselves with the reflection that, with the Senate composed as it is, and as it is likely to continue to be for some years to come, the Republicans will probably not be able to enact a tariff law. Besides, if they do, they will not be likely to return to the extravagant law of 1890, under which the public revenues decreased about $90,000,000; while even if the worst should happen, no such harm would come to the country as would surely follow the triumph of those who are clamoring for a debased currency. The end of the whole matter is, that, beyond everything else, the money standard of the country must be taken out of political controversy and settled, and that essential thing the Republican party has agreed to do in a manner which commands public confidence in the integrity of its purpose.

THE PUBLIC FINANCES.

FOR one reason or another, generally discreditable, a good many confusing because contradictory statements are constantly made concerning the public finances. Mr. WORTHINGTON C. FORD, the accomplished and industrious head of the National Bureau of Statistics, has recently prepared and published a statement from which the exact truth may be learned.

In the fiscal year before the war of secession broke out, the net ordinary receipts of the government amounted to $56,054,600, of which $53,187,512 came from customs duties, and the remainder from the sale of public lands and from miscellaneous sources. The net ordinary expenditures for the same year amounted to $60,056,755, of which miscellaneous expenditures formed the largest part, the War Department coming next, the navy third, and pensions last of all, being allowed $1,100,802.

In 1865, the last year of the war, the expenditures reached the enormous sum of $1,217,704,199, of which the army absorbed more than $1,000,000,000. The expenditures fell in 1866 to $385,954,731.

In 1885, when Mr. CLEVELAND began his first term, expenditures had been reduced to $208,840,679, while receipts had grown to $323,690,706. He went out of office in 1889, and in that year the receipts were $387,050,059, and the expenditures had increased to $240,995,131.

At this time the largest appropriations and expenditures were on account of pensions and miscellaneous items. The latter included public buildings. The miscellaneous expenditure had been the largest since 1871. In 1880 the expenditure for pensions became about equal to that for miscellaneous objects. In 1888 it had increased from $15,605,550, which it amounted to in 1866, to $80,288,509. It was then the largest item of appropriation, and has remained so ever since. In 1890 the $100,000,000 mark was passed, and in 1893, twenty-eight years after the war ended, pensions cost the government $159,357,558. In 1895 they amounted to $141,395,229.

During Mr. HARRISON's administration the net ordinary expenditures increased from $240,995,131 to $356,213,562. In the first year of Mr. CLEVELAND's second administration they fell to $339,683,874, and in the second year to $325,217,268. They will be larger in the future, owing to the extravagance of Congress at its last session.

In the mean time the net ordinary receipts, which were $403,080,983 in 1890, fell to $297,722,019 in 1894. The year before the tariff law of 1890 went into effect the revenues amounted to $392,612,447. The revenues of 1894 included the last customs duties collected under that act. During that time the receipts from customs duties fell from $219,522,255 to $131,818,530, so that about the whole loss came from a falling off in customs duties.

Under the tariff act of 1894 there has been a slight recovery. In 1895 the customs revenues increased about $20,000,000, and the total net revenues nearly $16,000,000. This year the revenues collected under the existing law will be about $70,000,000 greater than those collected under the law of 1890 in the last year of its operation.

CONGRESS AND CUBA.

IT is very probable that among the persons who find themselves relieved by the adjournment of the Congress of the United States are the members of the Spanish ministry. In truth, nothing could be more discouraging, either to reasonable Spaniards or to reasonable Americans, than to see grave and far-reaching international questions made the footballs of small politicians, who being essentially aldermen in their ways of looking at things and of cultivating popularity, are yet, by some curious freak, acting as Senators and Representatives of a great nation. No views could be at once shorter and lower than those which have inspired the action of the session now closed upon the insurrection in Cuba.

Now, however, that Congress has taken itself out of the way, an opportunity is offered for serious reflection both at Washington and at Madrid. It is especially to be hoped that this period of reflection will be wisely employed at the latter capital. The Spanish authorities are secured, for the present, from the wanton irritation to which they have been subjected by Congress. They are assured of a continuance of the equitable and considerate treatment which they have on several occasions acknowledged on the part of the Executive government of the United States. But also they are confronted, at the beginning of the season of rain and pestilence which suspends active operations by European troops in a tropical American island, with the hopelessness of the task they have undertaken. Have they any better prospect than they had a year ago, or two years ago, of putting down the insurrection? Nay, could the Spanish Prime Minister now repeat, without exciting derision in Spain itself, the prediction of a speedy collapse of the insurrection to which he committed himself in September, 1895? In the interval Spain has lost thousands of troops in battle, and she is about to lose more thousands by disease. She has been frightfully adding to her frightful burden of debt in the prosecution of her attempt to conquer Cuba. And Cuba is so far from being conquered that, within this interval, the insurgent leaders have carried their standards up to the walls of Havana, and the insurrection has spread over all the island.

The new Captain-General has assumed to abrogate the contracts of Cubans with Americans, to imprison Americans, and even to put Americans to death, under martial law, and all on account of a state of things which Spain continues to assure us is a mere passing riot, and not a state of war requiring or justifying a recognition, on the part of other nations, of a condition of belligerency. It is true that the Madrid government has rebuked and restrained the wilder excesses of its military agent, and true that the United States has acted with extreme forbearance. But we cannot be expected always to forbear, when our commercial interests and the rights of our citizens are impaired, and we are still told that there is no war. The Cubans have made a good fight, a long fight, and a fight that has now come very near success. Would not Spain save herself much money and many lives and serious trouble by admitting the patent fact that she cannot subdue the insurrection; in other words, by acknowledging the independence of Cuba? Such an acknowledgment would have been very difficult when a Congress was in session which took every occasion to insult Spain. It would be very much easier now that that Congress has dispersed. And however humiliating it might be to Spanish statesmen to make it, it would be less humiliating than what the future seems to have so clearly in store for Spain if they refuse to make it.

THE FAILURE OF THE SALISBURY GOVERNMENT.

MR. BALFOUR's withdrawal of the Education bill was a surprise on this side of the water even to those who had carefully watched the proceedings at the present session of Parliament. The Education bill seemed to be popular with all with whom Mr. BALFOUR, as the Conservative leader of the House of Commons, is ordinarily called upon to reckon. Besides, he had the support for this measure of the Irish members, who are usually to be counted against him.

The bill itself, to those who are accustomed to note the advance of English democracy and the lessening influence of the state church, was a surprising measure. It provided for increased state support of denominational schools, and for the use of board-school property for the purposes of religious instruction. It was mainly for the relief of the decaying Church of England schools, although all denominational schools might receive the benefit of the public funds. This change was to be made at the expense of the board or common schools, on the plea that the ratepayers who preferred to send their children to their church schools, called for this reason voluntary schools, should have a good share of the money which they pay for educational purposes expended for their own benefit. The church which would have been most benefited, next to the establishment, is the Roman Catholic, and therefore the Irish members deserted their old-time non-conformist allies and voted with Mr. BALFOUR.

But Mr. BALFOUR, it seems, had not reckoned accurately with his Conservative and Liberal Unionist following. His great majority in the House of Commons does not represent a great, but a rather small majority in the country, and that majority has evidently been becoming smaller and more discredited, owing to various weaknesses of the present government—chiefly to the wretched failure of England to insist on the protection of the Armenians, to Lord SALISBURY's admission that the Sultan cannot be forced to refrain from slaughter and misrule, and to his tardy confession that the expedition into the country of the Dervishes has for its object the recapture of the Sudan—an effort that is likely to result in another costly and disastrous war in Africa. Besides, there is the wretched stock-jobbing raid on the Transvaal, and CHAMBERLAIN's fruitless efforts to induce President KRUEGER to excuse it as a harmless bit of colonial excitement.

Little that the SALISBURY government has done has pleased the great heart of England, while Mr. BALFOUR's leadership in the Commons has been so weak as to make it evident that he is not the Parliamentary leader that some of his friends have thought him. He has withdrawn the Education bill because the members of the House, including his own partisans, had announced the intention to load the measure with so many amendments that its passage was dubious, while the debate on the bill has shown him that to appeal to the country on such a measure might result in a victory for the Gladstonians. It is more than likely that a new leader for the Commons will have to be found if the Conservatives expect that the present Parliament is to leave an impression upon the institutions of the empire.

THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF COMMERCE.

THERE is a widespread feeling that government could in some way open foreign markets to the products of the United States, and thus lay the foundation of a great and profitable trade in new directions. France and Germany legislate against the animals and pork products of America, and even impose unnecessary burdens upon the breadstuffs. If government has the power to exclude, why should it not also have the power to include? And this power being granted, why should not the government of the United States seek to compel other nations to receive our products freely and without discrimination?

This policy might be accepted as correct, but as to the method of making it effective a wide difference of opinion is found. Protective tariffs have for intention the building up of domestic industries by reserving to them the home market. So long as the United States maintains a protective tariff it has no good cause to grumble when other nations adopt the same machinery to encourage their own industries. Such tariffs are not so much concerned in increasing a foreign as the internal trade. Indeed, they discourage imports directly, and exports indirectly; for unless this was the effect, protection would be nullified. So far from encouraging a foreign trade, a protective tariff tends to discourage it. Every dollar's worth of dutiable merchandise imported into the United States in 1895 paid to the government about 42 cents in duties, and the cost to the consumer was therefore increased. This was less than was paid under the MCKINLEY law of 1890, and yet was sufficiently high to restrict imports.

Although a protective tariff is the favorite instrument for regulating trade, other agencies having the same object are urged upon Congress. Other countries grant direct encouragement, and are thus able to influence the course of our commerce. Germany, France, and Austria-Hungary pay bounties upon exported beet sugar, making the cost of sugar to the foreigner less than to the domestic consumer. France and Germany, and even Italy, seek to increase their shipping interests by liberal bounties on the construction and sailing of vessels, multiplying the instruments of commerce, and resulting by their competition in lowering freight rates. The United States, by remaining passive, obtains its full share of whatever advantages flow from these measures. It obtains cheap sugar, and it has its freight carried at less cost. It is strange to note how anxious Congress is to do away with these advantages. It proposes higher duties on sugars coming from bounty-paying countries, and it is eager to give subsidies to shipping carrying the American flag. However laudable the patriotic idea involved may be, it is doubtful if it is worth the cost.

Another agency for enlarging the exports of the United States is by reciprocity agreements. Certain advantages in the markets of the United States are given to the products of the foreign countries entering into the agreements, in return for concessions made to American products in the foreign market. No benefit can accrue to countries not accepting reciprocity, and their products are placed at a distinct disadvantage in competition with similar products coming from the favored nations. Judiciously applied, this system is a very fit means of opening markets otherwise closed to our products, and cannot but result in advantage to both parties to the agreement—the only possible condition of a permanent commercial connection. The experiment of reciprocity made under the tariff law of 1890 was not judicious, and its benefits are problematic. The duty was removed from sugar, but duties were imposed on coffee, sugar, and hides and skins coming from the countries refusing to accept reciprocity. There was an element of threat and force in such a provision that deprived it of the character of true reciprocity. Only in Brazil and Cuba were gained concessions of enough importance to be reflected in the export trade, and the gains from Brazil are open to doubt.

The United States has a greater commercial interest in the markets of America than any other nation, but this dominance applies only to what is purchased from them. Now that the duty has been removed from wool, nearly all the principal productions of Central and South America and the West Indies are admitted free of duty. More than 99 per cent. of the imports from Central America, and 94 per cent. of those from South America, pay no duties. Were it not for sugar, the proportion of free goods would be as high in those coming from the West Indies; but Canada has ever been regarded as a dangerous rival, and 60 per cent. of her products sent to the United States are taxed. If the market for American products in those countries were as large, there would be a commerce of such size and value as to rival England's. The trade in 1895 was distributed as follows:

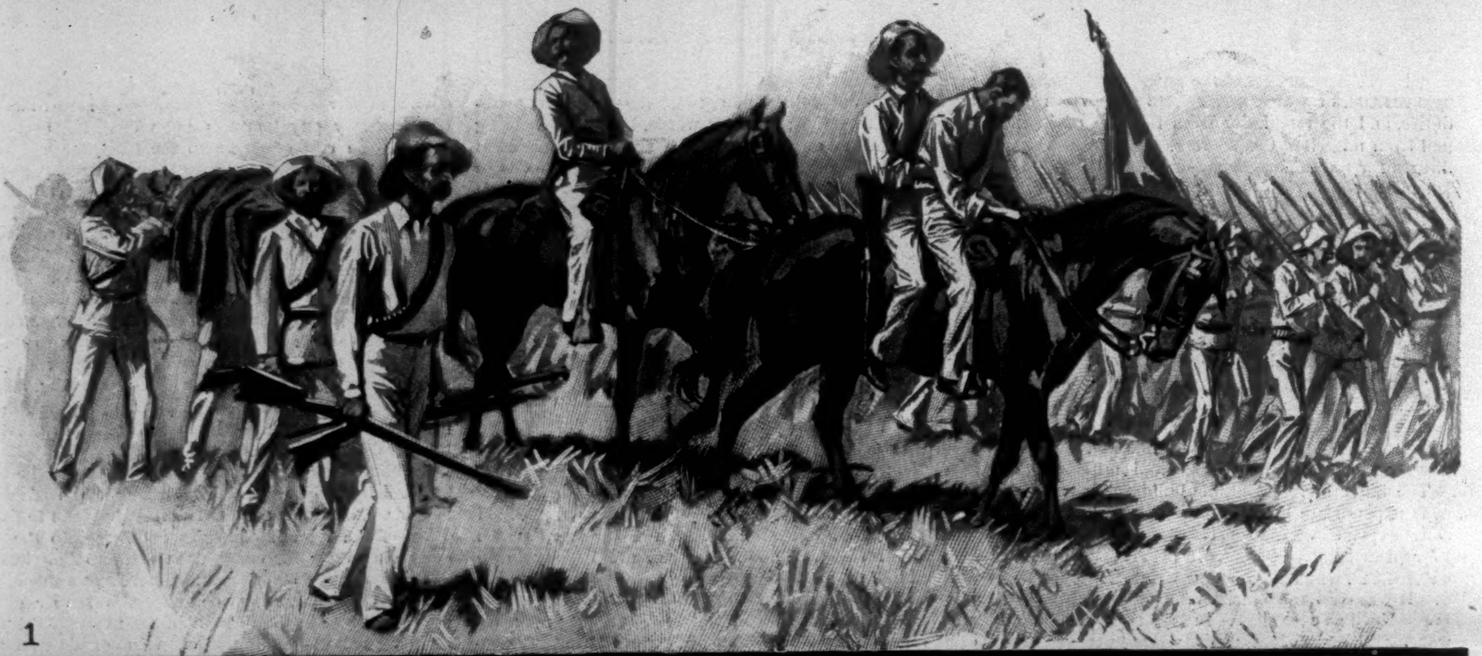
	Imports.	Exports.
West Indies..................	$68,860,152	$30,724,823
Central America...........	11,580,761	6,372,827
Mexico	15,635,788	14,582,484
South America.............	112,167,120	33,248,231
Dominion of Canada......	36,574,327	47,787,501
Total............	$244,818,148	$132,715,866

Only in the trade with Mexico and Canada are the exports commensurate with the imports.

As Mexico and Canada are the nearest markets, it is undoubted that trade is more systematized and greater individual effort is made to secure custom. Here lies the only safe rule for developing exports. Congress can wisely do little more than to place no undue restrictions upon imports, and to treat all nations alike, whether in customs duties or in shipping. Outside of that, its efforts are more apt to induce loss, discrimination, and even destruction of trade, as did occur when the products of Haiti, Venezuela, and Colombia were taxed, and like products coming from other countries were admitted free of duty. Most important of all, Congress can give the greatest aid to commerce by maintaining the standard of the currency. All claims of benefit to trade from cheap money are illusory. It will impair competing capacity, prevent exports, and encourage imports, and introduce a gambling element destructive to sound commerce.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

THE dedication in Boston of the statue of JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY was in one respect a unique occasion—it brought together an exceedingly diversified audience. There were present Irishman and American, Jew and Gentile, Republican and Democrat, littérateur and "sport," old and young; and there was perhaps not a man in the throng who did not feel himself to have been in some special sense a friend of the departed hero. O'REILLY had a genius for friendship, as for several other things, and his nature was so many-sided that he attracted all sorts of people. Some persons, however, have disputed whether a public statue of him is proper for the streets of Boston; and a Harvard professor, in particular, has stated the reasons against it at great length in the columns of a local paper. And yet O'REILLY was a man cast in the heroic mould. The secret of the deep impression which he made upon every one who came near him was that he had the courage, the generosity, and the will to sacrifice his own life for another's at any moment when the sacrifice should be called for. There were events in his life which indicated this, his bearing and expression displayed it, and even his physique and manly beauty illustrated it. Was not such a man worthy to be perpetuated in bronze and set up for the imitation of youth?



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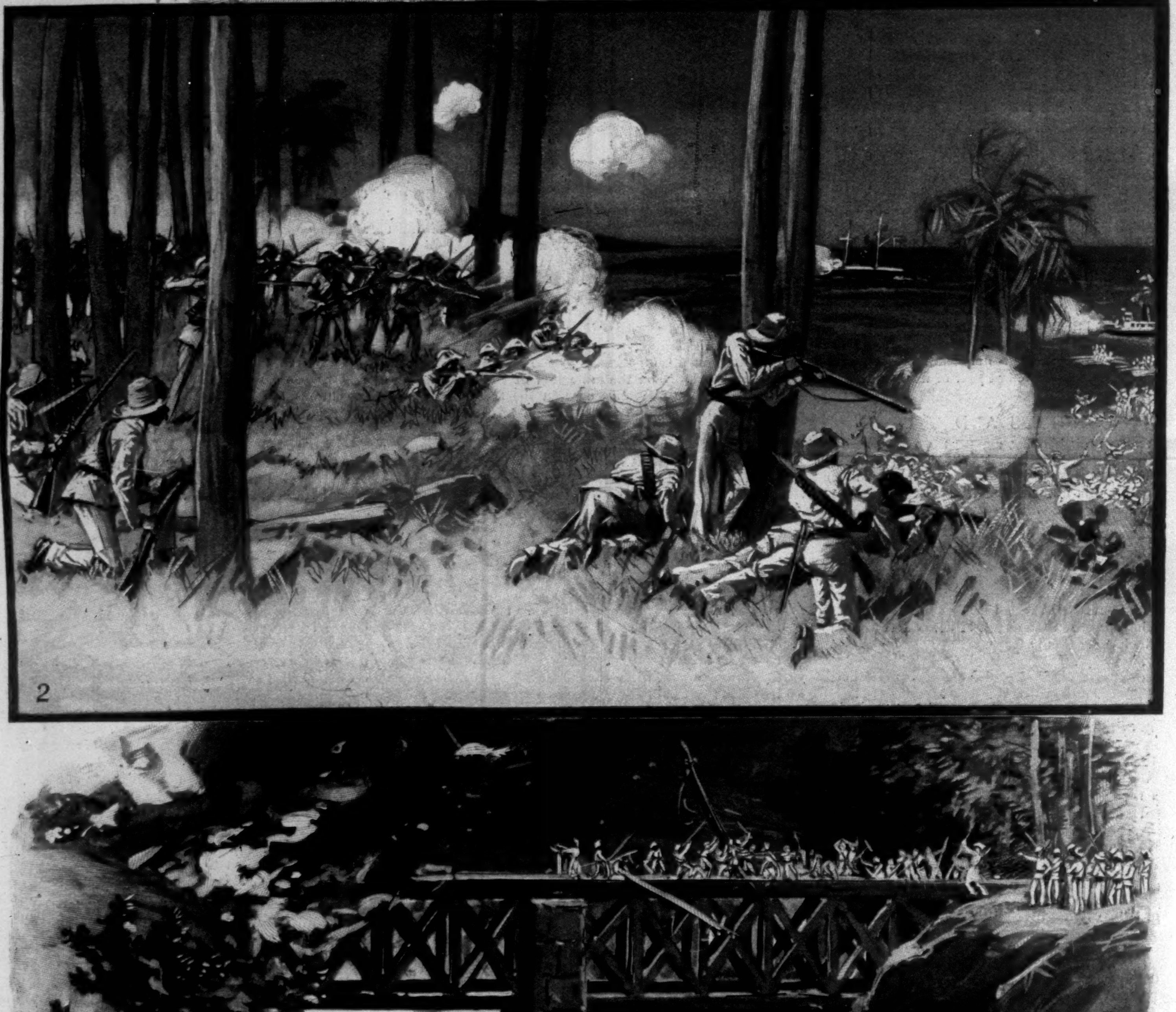

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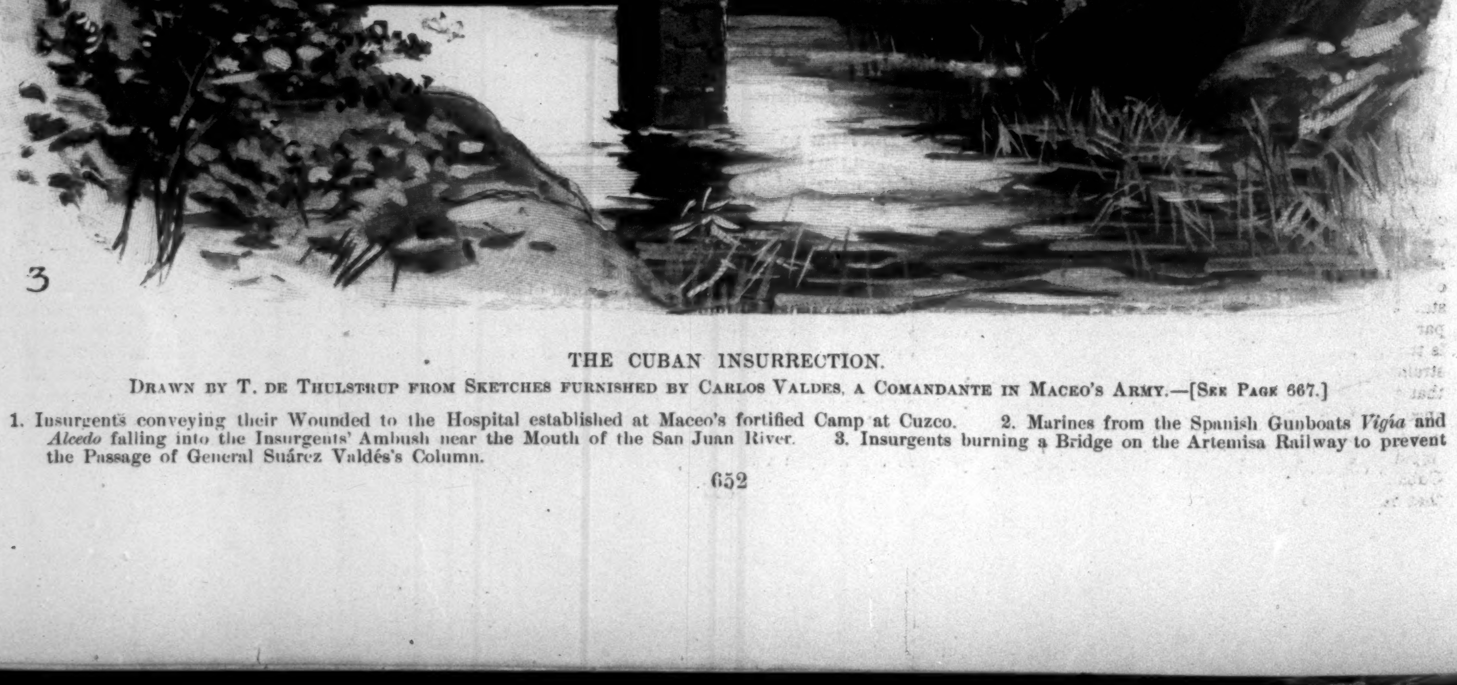

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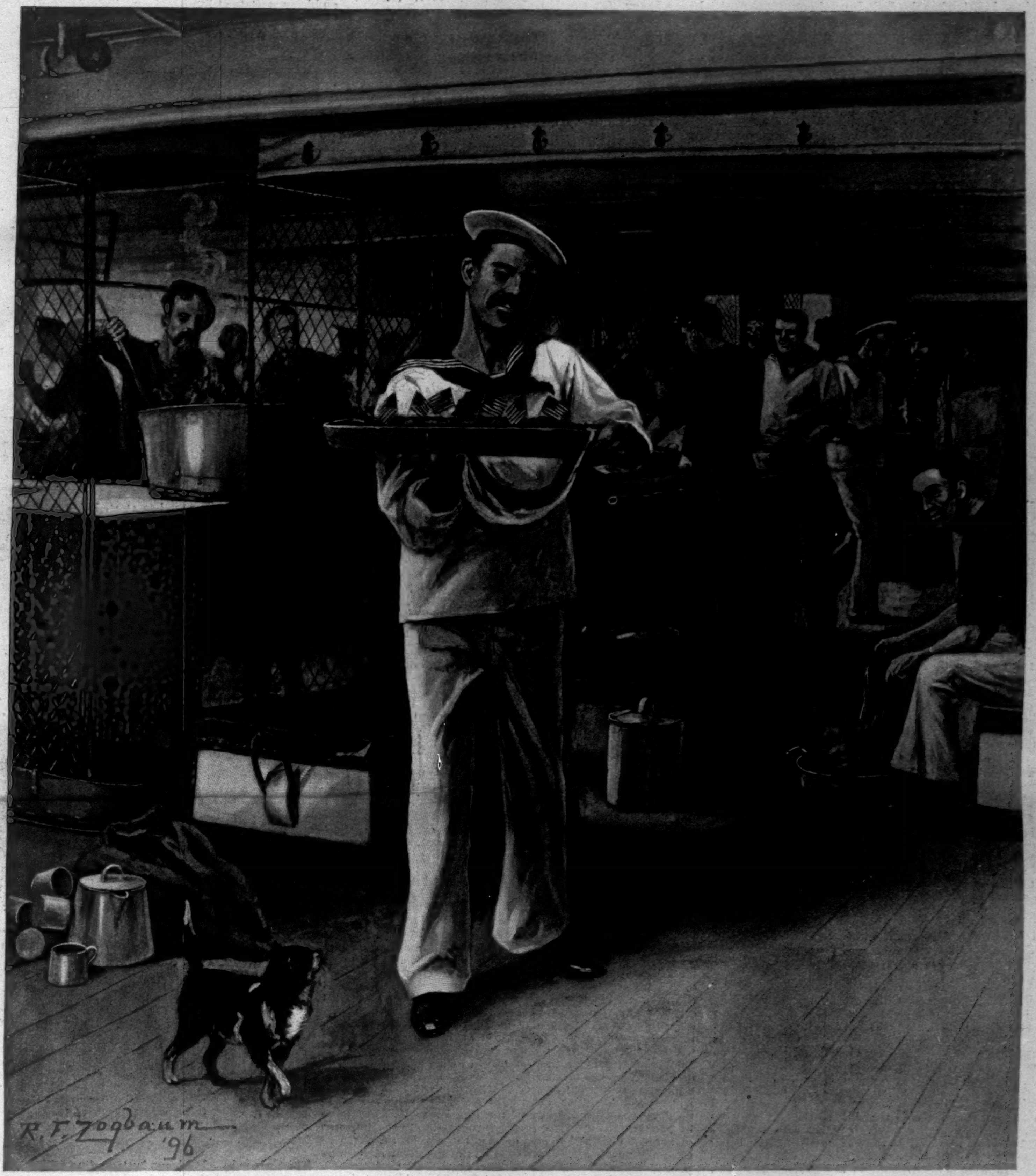
THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

Drawn by T. de Thulstrup from Sketches furnished by Carlos Valdes, a Comandante in Maceo's Army.—[See Page 667.]

1. Insurgents conveying their Wounded to the Hospital established at Maceo's fortified Camp at Cuzco. 2. Marines from the Spanish Gunboats *Vigía* and *Alcedo* falling into the Insurgents' Ambush near the Mouth of the San Juan River. 3. Insurgents burning a Bridge on the Artemisa Railway to prevent the Passage of General Suárez Valdés's Column.



THE GALLEY FIRE—"SEVEN BELLS."—DRAWN BY R. F. ZOGBAUM.

SEVEN BELLS.

"SEVEN bells!" Half past eleven in the forenoon, shore time. "Serve up!" is the order, and the berth-deck cooks gather at the galley and swarm about the iron ranges and huge boilers, dragging out pans of meat, smoking hot, from the ovens, or bearing away great steaming kettles of soup or cans of coffee to the swinging mess-tables already spread for the crew's dinner. "Around the galley fire" the ship's cook holds autocratic sway, superintending the distribution of the daily ration cooked by him and his mates, scolding at and ordering the hurrying throng about in a gruff voice, the constant growl of which mingles with and dominates the rattle of pan and dish, the bang of iron oven door and the clang of potlid. Besides the regular ration, each mess will have some pet dish of its own, perhaps a brown pan of baked macaroni, or fresh sausages, or a specially prepared dish of stew redolent with onions and bright with the scarlet and yellow of fresh tomatoes. On high days and holidays, such as Christmas or the Fourth of July, many of the berth-deck cooks—men chosen by the messes to act as caterers and general managers for the other members—vie with one another in the production of some work of culinary art, often decorated and bedecked in some fanciful manner, to form the chief ornament of the feast of the day. Uncle Sam is most liberal in his provision for the sustenance of his defenders, both afloat and ashore, supplying food of excellent quality and generous quantities, and the galleys of the ships of his navy are furnished with every facility for its proper preparation. If the matter of adequate space and means for berthing the men of the crews on our new ships could be as well provided for, it would add much to their general comfort and good health. But, to borrow from Mr. Kipling what has become a phrase in general use, "that is another story."

R. F. Z

·THIS·BUSY· ·WORLD·

ON July 15 Oswego is to celebrate the evacuation of Fort Ontario by the British troops after the Revolution. It may surprise some people to learn that the British flag still floated on the soil of what is now the State of New York twenty years after the Declaration of Independence, but Fort Ontario was one of those western posts which were not formally turned over to Uncle Sam until after the ratification of Jay's treaty. The treaty provided for their abandonment on June 1, but the evacuation of Ontario was delayed till July 15, so that, as the committee's circular states, "it was here that the last British redcoat paced his post on American soil and called the hours of the night; here that last grip of monarchical power was shaken off and the absolute and untrammelled freedom of the American people accomplished."

The celebration emphasizes an anniversary of much historical interest. One may trust, perhaps, without incurring the imputation of Toryism, that it may be conducted in such a way as to make particularly conspicuous the fact that the event it commemorates happened a full century ago, and that for a very large part of the intervening period Uncle Sam has lived on terms of amity and increasing intimacy with his British kinsmen. General Horace Porter will be the orator of the day, and there is plenty for him to talk about, for the history of Fort Ontario covers nearly three centuries. White men first came to the mouth of the Oswego River in 1615. Frontenac came there with an army seventy-five years later. Fifty years after him came Montcalm, who besieged and captured the fortifications there, and Pontiac came ten years after Montcalm to hold a council with Sir William Johnson.

The celebration is to be largely military. General Miles, Secretary Lamont, Governor Morton, and General Ruger will be present. Information about the plans of the committee and all matters pertaining to the entertainment of visitors may be had from the secretary, Mr. John S. Parsons, of Oswego.

Automobiles still flourish better in France than anywhere else. In Paris and thereabout they begin to abound, and several thousand of them are in use. Since the spring of 1894, when the *Petit Journal* got up the road race for them between Paris and Rouen, manufacturers have been at work making lighter machines. All those tested two years ago carried from four to eight people; but now a correspondent of the WEEKLY writes of the appearance and popularity of victorias and small covered carriages, something like hansoms on four wheels, which are described as graceful, noiseless, odorless, and as objects of attention and envy "as they whiz by on summer evenings after a turn in the cool and beautiful *Bois*."

"The automobiles," continues this correspondent, "have been very much adopted this year by the ultra-fashionables for their country visits. It has become a custom of late years for the owners of the French châteaux to adopt one day in the week for receiving visitors; and in this way each châtelaine has an opportunity, if the neighborhood be a good one, of seeing and showing many of the soft and beautiful summer toilets in which the heart of woman delights. These gatherings are often very numerous and very brilliant. The men ride over, and the women drive, but as in many cases the distances are very great and require a well-filled stable, the automobile has been called upon, and performs inestimable service. When bicycling first came into vogue, parties came over to these gatherings on their bicycles, but feminine coquetry soon put a stop to this.

"An automobile club has been founded in Paris, and has done much for the propagation of the carriage of the future. Another trial trip is in organization for the autumn, between Paris and Bordeaux, in which most of the members of the club take part. Numberless are the people now waiting for the automobile to become less of a novelty, for then only will it become a possibility to the thinly lined purse.

"One of this year's inventions, which promises to be of great service to the middle classes, is a small tandem carriage on three wheels, which may be built either for two persons, one in front of the other, or for one person, with a large case in front for transporting merchandise. It rides very easily on pneumatic wheels, the rubber being too thick to be punctured, and is already being called upon to do good service. It was invented by Leon Bollée."

Lieutenant A. C. Totten, whose fondness for astrological calculations and inferences is well known, declares that the trouble with current affairs is not due to the United States Senate, the bicycle, the new woman, or the silver question, but may be accurately traced to the contortions of the heavenly bodies. He says that when too many of the planets get on the same side of the sun at the same time it makes trouble for the earth, and that now, for the first time in the history of man, all the planets, except Earth, are approaching coincident perihelia, and within four or five years will be in line tugging away at the sun, while Earth, alone on the other side of it, will have an exceedingly hard time, and will be the scene of all sorts of disasters and devilment. Earth will pull through, he thinks, after sore trials; after which he looks for "the literal rule of the returned Messiah," and the winding up of the confusions now formulating, at Jerusalem, which city, he believes, will cease to be trodden by Gentiles, and will become the centre from which right rule and justice are to spread over the earth.

Lieutenant Totten is familiar with both the Bible and the higher mathematics, and has a remarkable gift for stirring them up together into concoctions that give people bad dreams. He is a very disconcerting person and a chronic "bear," and his deliverances are well adapted to make timid believers realize on their investments and take to the woods.

The Marquis de Mores is reported to have been massacred in the Desert of Sahara, but existing uncertainty as to the truth of the report makes it inexpedient to say much more of him than that he was a person of unquestioned courage, ready and precise in the use of weapons. If it should transpire that the Marquis is really and permanently dead, it may be that divers people will rest easier in their beds for knowing it. If it should turn out, as has been suggested, that he has himself spread the reports of his decease for military reasons, he will find many interesting obituary notices awaiting his attention upon his return. His errand in Sahara was to stir up Arab chieftains against the British in the Sudan. He has, or had, remarkable gifts for stirring people up, and also for putting money into circulation. It would be hard to fill his place, and it is believed that if it is indeed vacant no attempt will be made to do so. Persons who have met the Marquis in private life have reported him as being highly entertaining, but of a rash irresponsibility analogous to that traditionally attributed to the *Cimex lectularius*. This assertion can hardly be accurate, for he has been allowed to go at large both in America and in some of the most cautious countries of Europe. His standards of conduct and his motives for action differed so radically from those in ordinary civilized use that it is not surprising that mistaken impressions as to his mental state should have obtained.

Hereafter in the Protestant Episcopal Church in the diocese of Michigan women may vote for vestrymen. So it has been determined in the recent diocesan convention, the decision being reached after investigation of the working of woman suffrage in other dioceses. The decision may not make much practical difference, for women are a great power in every Protestant church in this country, and their desires commonly receive the most respectful consideration whether they vote or not. Nevertheless, they ought to vote. They do most of the church work, and pay their share at least of the church moneys, and they ought certainly to have a voice in determining to whom the management of the church business shall be intrusted. The experiment is not new, but has long been in successful and approved operation in Ohio, Virginia, Kentucky, and other dioceses in the United States.

The death of President Wyckoff of the Bank of New Amsterdam, from the effects of the assault of the crazy Semple, is a matter of public grief and acute disappointment. All who read of the assault and of his behavior afterwards seemed to set their hearts on his recovery.

The June number of the New York *Medical Times* has a report in detail of the dinner given on May 27, at the Union League Club in New York, by the Medical Board and Alumni Association of the Metropolitan Hospital and other friends, to Dr. Egbert Guernsey on the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation in medicine. Dr. Guernsey was a moving spirit in establishing the Metropolitan Hospital, became its first president in September, 1875, and has been annually re-elected ever since. After being graduated at Yale, and spending a year in Europe, he studied medicine in New York in the office of Dr. Valentine Mott, and was graduated from the medical department of the University of New York in 1846. In the earlier years of his residence in New York he varied the study of his profession with excursions into journalism and literature, was connected with the *Tribune* and *Evening Mirror*, and in 1847 established and edited the Brooklyn *Times*. Early in his professional life he took up with the philosophy of Hahnemann, and has continued to be one of the most noted, liberal, and successful leaders in that school of medicine. He was one of the founders of the Union League Club in New York. He established, in 1872, the New York *Medical Times*. He founded the Western Dispensary, now known as the "Guernsey Maternity," was active in the organization of the Hahnemann Hospital, was long a trustee of the Middletown Asylum, was a director in St. John's Guild, and has shared laboriously in many other public labors. At the dinner in his honor his hosts gave him a silver loving-cup, which he acknowledged in a graceful and interesting speech, full of reminiscences of his early associations with Dr. Mott, and of the progress of medical science during the last fifty years.

The *Sun* thinks that New York bicycles should carry brakes. "Whatever," it says, "may be the value of skill or strength on the part of wheelmen, the need of brakes will be unchanged. The sooner brakes are required by law the better."

Yet brakes are rather a nuisance. Has Mr. Dana yet acquired the trick of putting his foot (the off hind foot is as good as any) down hard on the tire of his front wheel? Every bicyclist who has his feet with him when he rides, and knows how to use them, has a pair of brakes about him that are never out of order.

The skill of the rising generation in the use of bicycles is extraordinary. It is a common sight to see three or four small children piled in a heap on top of a dumb machine, which rolls off with its load like a tame pony.

If it is a matter of rivalry between Yale classes which shall get its class ivy from the most unexpected place, the class of '96 must feel that it has distanced competition. Its ivy, as newspaper-readers know, came from the grave of Robert E. Lee, a good man, as Dr. Twichell of Hartford has observed, but not at all well adapted to be the tenant of a grave from which ivy should be carried to climb on the halls of Yale. If the class wishes its ivy to stay where it has been planted, it would do well to send for a sprig of something from Grant's tomb in Riverside Park, and plant beside it. That would be the surest protection the Lee ivy could have, and the two plants together would embody a sentiment that could not be misconstrued, and with which no sensible American can quarrel.

E. S. MARTIN.

LONDON.

THE recent discoveries at the French excavations of Delphi are of great importance and interest. The most exciting find is that of a large bronze statue in excellent preservation, the left arm being the only part that is wanting. The eyes are enamelled, and add much to the lifelike appearance of the head. In some instances the eyes let into bronze heads were of ivory, with colored paste for the iris, while in the gold and ivory statues precious stones were used. With the new bronze statue fragments of a chariot and of horses were found.

With a high degree of probability, this statue has been identified with that representing Hiero, tyrant of Syracuse, who was twice victor at the Pythian games in the riding-race, and once in the chariot-race, in the years 486, 482, 470 B.C. He also carried off three victories with his horses at Olympia, and one at Thebes. The immortal fame, however, of this Hiero, son of Deinomenes, rests upon the glory which literary men have cast over him. Pindar made his victories the subjects of some of his finest odes, and Xenophon named a dialogue "Hiero," in which the Syracusan tyrant converses with the poet Simonides. In the newly discovered statue we probably have a monument commemorating one of the Pythian victories sung by Pindar. It must by a thrilling suggestion to any lover of ancient civilization and culture to have an adequate contemporary illustration to the ode of the greatest lyric poet after more than twenty-four centuries.

For the light shed upon the history of ancient art the work is of supreme importance. Pausanias describes the bronze statues of Hiero's race-horses at Olympia, which were the joint work of two of the greatest sculptors of the day, the immediate precursors of Phidias—namely, Onatas of Ægina and Kalamis of Athens. The Delphi statue, being an original work by an artist of the time, will, no doubt, throw considerable light upon the art of that interesting period. There is, by-the-way, a pretty story told by Pliny concerning the horses of Kalamis, which shows the good-fellowship among artists, and the generous nature of the great Praxiteles: "In order that Kalamis should not appear inferior in his statues of men, Praxiteles added a charioteer to the horses of the older artist."

Will the Prince of Wales find a Pindar, a Xenophon, an Onatas, and a Kalamis to immortalize his victory of the Derby? Perhaps Mr. Alfred Austin will be asked to try his hand at a Pindaric ode. The fact remains that the victory of Persimmon has been the most popular Derby victory within the memory of living men; and to-day the public is much disappointed that the Prince's filly, Thaïs, ran second to the Canterbury Pilgrim in the "Oaks." On the other hand, there is some compensation in the mind of the non-betting public that the victory of this race should have fallen to Lord Derby, whose ancestor gave the name to the great national race, and whose family had not won for more than a century.

Even to those who are opposed to racing there were mitigating circumstances in the victory of the Prince of Wales's horse, not only because the Prince is so good and fair a sportsman, but because the winner was not bought as the result of the longest purse, but was bred by the Prince on his own estate at Sandringham. This circumstance responds to the fundamental *rationale* and justification of racing—namely, the encouragement of the breeding of good horses. The Prince thus appears before his people as a model country-gentleman and farmer, and the life at Sandringham is entirely based upon this conception of rural life and objects.

Both Persimmon and Thaïs could be known "from childhood up and at home" to the visitor of Sandringham House. On Sundays, after morning church and luncheon, the whole family and the guests proceed to an inspection of the gardens, farms, and farm-buildings, which certainly present the picture of the modern model farm. It is here that the Jersey short-horns and the Kerry cows are bred. Then the young thoroughbred fillies and colts are allowed to enter the paddock and to canter about. Each visitor receives a card with names and pedigrees. The youngsters are criticised and admired, but they are always felt to be an intimate and living part of the place itself, interwoven with its life—not objects purchased in the market merely to bring money to the purchaser. Then the stables are visited, and the Princess receives a basket with cut-up carrots, and each horse receives his treat from the hand of his mistress. On Mondays, if there is no shooting, the whole house party drives over to the adjoining Wolferton, where the Prince has his famous stud of hackneys, second only to that of Sir John Gilbey, the wine merchant, and here there is another inspection and parade of the "young ones." The whole establishment is under the charge of the Prince's trusted friend and "Comptroller of the Household," General Sir Dighton Probyn, to whom much of the credit for the success of farm, horses, and cattle is due. One of the most pleasing features of the whole establishment, however, is the care taken of those employed on the farm. Both at Sandringham and at Wolferton the club-houses and reading-rooms afford wholesome and refined recreation to the farming community.

Sir W. Martin Conway has started this week on his polar expedition. Unlike the great explorers Greely, Nansen, and others, Sir Martin intends to settle in Spitzbergen with his scientific colleagues, to lay in stores at the most accessible point, and then to make explorations in the interior, always returning to headquarters. Sir Martin is best known as the mountaineer who a few years ago made the highest ascent yet known in the Himalayas, and for his work in the Alps. But he is also a distinguished writer on art, having been professor of art history at the Liverpool University. He married, some years ago, the daughter of Mr. Manton Marble, of New York, the former editor of the New York *World*.

G. S.

CHICAGO.

IT is hardly too much to say that in the death of Lyman Trumbull Chicago has lost her most distinguished citizen. When we think of the United States Senate as it was in the period of the Reconstruction, and contrast it with the body now bearing the name that once inspired such respect, it is difficult to escape from pessimistic reflections. It is something more than the halo of a past already growing legendary for the new generation that impels one to say that there were giants in those days, and to think of Trumbull and his colleagues as men of a stature hardly known to the politics of the present time. The famous group to which he belonged now numbers but few survivors, and none of them, perhaps, has an equal title to our gratitude. At a time of nearly unexampled political passion, when party most fiercely asserted its claims upon men, Lyman Trumbull was strong enough to rise above party and act according to conviction. His single vote in the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson turned the scale, and saved us from an act that would have been a blot upon the nation's history. Abused and calumniated as he was at the time, he lived long enough to have his reward, and to know that his action was justified by the sober second thought of all patriotic Americans. Sound of body and mind up to the great age of eighty-two, he remained in the active practice of his profession until the illness of a few weeks ago, which proved to be his last. Even in his closing days, when hourly expecting death, and sustained only by the inertia of his magnificent constitution, his mind remained clear, and he took a keen interest in the news that came from the St. Louis convention. But he has earned his rest if ever man did, and those who knew and loved him may find consolation in the thought that his place in our history is secure.

The University of Chicago is struggling with what may perhaps be called the new heraldry. In other words, it has adopted the inter-collegiate system of academic dress, and added a new officer—the gown-master—to its staff. Hereafter a man's gown—or a woman's, for that matter—is to tell all about him academically—what his rank is, what degrees have been conferred upon him, what university he came from, and in what department of knowledge he is a pundit. There are different kinds of sleeves for bachelors, masters, and doctors, and different colors for the edges and linings of the hoods. If, for example, you see a man with a bell-shaped sleeve, having three transverse stripes of velvet, you will know him for a doctor; if his hood is edged with blue, he is a doctor of philosophy; if, moreover, it is lined with purple, bearing a triple chevron of the German colors, he is declared to have taken his degree at Berlin. To describe a gown in scientific terminology will obviously be as difficult as to emblazon a shield, and some institution analogous to the Herald's College will be needed to adjudicate upon the delicate questions that are sure to arise. One cannot help thinking, too, of the "pink trip slip for a five-cent fare, etc.," of the jingle that once obsessed the faculties of our most popular humorist. But so undignified an association should be promptly dismissed from the mind.

Civil service reform in Chicago is meeting with the obstacles that have become so familiar in other cities, and we are learning that to secure the right sort of law is not more than half the battle. Our law, indeed, leaves little or nothing to be desired, and its execution is in the hands of an honest and fearless Board of Commissioners. But the wily politician contrives to evade it now and then, and the commission no sooner blocks one trick than a new one is unearthed. The City Council hampered the commission seriously this year by cutting down the appropriation for its expenses to a wholly inadequate amount, but the Citizens' Association has come to the rescue with the substantial offer of ten thousand dollars and the services of an able lawyer to conduct prosecutions. The latest move of the enraged politicians is amusing rather than serious. It took the form of a series of resolutions introduced into the City Council the other day by the alderman known as "Bath-house John," or, more simply, as "The Bath-house." This champion of a primitive and untarnished democracy is the Abe Gruber of Chicago, and his resolutions are worthy of that distinguished New York statesman. The gem of the document is the following "whereas": "The Civil Service Commission has set at naught the principles laid down by such men as Andrew Jackson, who declared that 'to the victor belong the spoils'; of Mr. Flannagan of Texas, who promulgated that equally famous saying, 'What are we here for?'; of the well-known expression of Czar Reed of Maine, which has also passed into history, 'I believe in standing by my friends.'" The resolutions were adopted by a considerable majority, and "The Bath-house" scored another legislative victory.

W. M. P.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Hon. James M. Beck, United States District Attorney for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, is responsible for the movement to provide a plaza northwest of the City Hall. At present this costly municipal structure bids fair to be obscured entirely by the tall buildings that are being erected on all sides. To the south, great office buildings are rapidly being put up; on the east, John Wanamaker's great emporium is gradually assuming larger and higher proportions; on the north is the Masonic Temple; and on the west the massive terminal of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Mr. Beck's idea is for the city to condemn the ground comprised between Broad and Fifteenth, Filbert and Arch streets, immediately to the northwest, and after removing the buildings, lay out the ground as a grand plaza. This property can be secured at the present time for about a million and a half, and never any cheaper. If the city ever intends giving the people an opportunity to observe the Hall and preserve an open space around it, now is the time. An ordinance has been introduced into Councils to this end, and very considerable public interest in the matter has been manifested.

In this connection it is interesting to recall that Philadelphia has spent during the past twenty-five years upwards of fifteen millions of dollars on its City Hall, and still the work is uncompleted, although considerable progress toward that end has been made during the past few years, since the passage by the Legislature of a bill to abolish the Public Building Commission. This bill was subsequently declared by the Supreme Court to be unconstitutional; but the effect of the agitation has been salutary, and the commission, which is an irresponsible, self-perpetuating body, with power to mandamus the city for money to carry on its work, has actually condescended to promise an early completion of the Hall.

I heard a good story not long ago of the late lamented George W. Childs, which will bear repeating. He was at one time solicited by a publishing company to write an authoritative history of Philadelphia. After considerable deliberation he declined, on the ground that as the work would undoubtedly be known as a "Childs' History of Philadelphia," some unthinking persons might conclude that it was a juvenile work.

C. R. W.

BOSTON.

A policeman named Graham was commended the other day by the Police Commissioners of Boston for his gallant conduct at the recent destructive fire in Washington Street. A large number of women were at work in the third story of the burning building, and the flames and smoke cut off their escape either by the staircase or by the elevator. In this emergency Graham rushed up the stairs of the adjoining building, crept out of the third-story window, and by stepping on a narrow ledge of stone which ran across the face of the two structures, succeeded in taking several women from the burning building to the other. His position was of course an extremely perilous one, and he was loudly cheered by the crowd in the street below. At another recent fire in Boston a fireman, who was rescuing a woman from the fourth story of a building in flames, found that the ladder by which he meant to descend had been displaced slightly so that he could not step even upon its highest round. Clinging to the window-sill with his left arm, and holding the woman with his right, he hung down, pulled the ladder into place with his foot, and then safely descended it with his burden. These acts of heroism on the part of policemen and firemen are not infrequent, and when the true poet of democracy arises they will fitly be celebrated in verse.

> "Lads ahold of fire-engines and hook-and-ladder ropes,
> No less to me than the gods of the antique wars;
> Minding their voices' peal through the crash of destruction,
> Their brawny limbs passing safe over charred laths,
> Their white foreheads whole and unhurt out of the flames."

The annual summer pilgrimage to Concord, Massachusetts, has set in this season with even more than usual force. Concord is a sort of historical and literary Mecca for strangers from various parts, and especially from the West. It was, in a way, the birthplace of the Revolution, and it was the home of perhaps the only two great writers whom our country has produced. If the militiamen who engaged the British had been looking for a picnic, instead of a fight, they could not have chosen a lovelier spot than that where the battle occurred. A rude bridge still "spans the flood." The statue of the minute-man, inscribed with Emerson's immortal lines, stands upon a rounded hill which rises abruptly from the river. Upon the opposite, the hither bank, there is a shady grove of fir-trees; and the visitor, by stooping a little and peering through the branches of a willow-tree which droops to the water, can discern the little moss-grown boat-house which used to harbor no less precious a craft than Hawthorne's canoe. The men are gone—Judge Hoar, the "pyrotechnic wit," youngest of the great company, died last year—but the places remain—the battle-ground, the old manse, the Wayside where Hawthorne's life mysteriously ebbed away, Emerson's dignified New England home—and the river in whose deep and muddy waters more than one wretched life, besides that described in the *Blithedale Romance*, has found the longed-for end.

H. C. M.

NEW ORLEANS.

Will New Orleans have its free city library after all? The old court building was dedicated some weeks ago as a library, and the city's two collections of books were moved over there; and the public was delighted at the promise. Now comes along your political economist, who points out that it is great extravagance to put a library which can be easily duplicated for $30,000 in a $50.000 building, to spend $12.000 for fixing it up there, and provide $10,000 to $15,000 a year for its maintenance. Moreover, as the city library proper has received scarcely any additions since the war, it will give the New Orleans reading public the very mistaken idea that the world has stood still since 1860, and that the present generation is absolutely deficient in writers. It is suggested that the collections should be turned over to Tulane University, which has offered to take care of them without charge until the city can afford to start a decent library; but this suggestion has been howled down by those who declare that it does not much matter if the collection is small and old; it will serve as a nucleus for that free library which New Orleans so needs.

The Cheek-Pilger decision in the United States Circuit Court has swept away all the safeguards that the male flirt has hitherto enjoyed in Louisiana. The civil law which prevails here has frowned on breach of promise suits, and refused to recognize them. When, however, Mrs. Cheek found that her venerable suitor, Herman Pilger, would not carry out his promise to marry her, she went to the Federal courts and recovered heavy damages against him. The palladium of the Louisiana bachelors is thus destroyed, and they now find themselves no safer than their brethren in other States. There are materials for many hundred breach of promise suits which have laid dormant for years because it was thought no law covered these damages to the heart; but the Cheek-Pilger decision may bring them to light, as it shows the love-lorn maidens and widows where they can get relief and damages.

The death of Captain "Tom" Leathers—"Old Pushtamaha" as he liked to be called, after one of his early friends, a Choctaw chief—removed the last and greatest of the old Mississippi River steamboat captains, and closes the final page in that part of the history of the Southwest. It was sixty years ago, during the "flush times" of river boats, that Captain Leathers went into the steamboat business, the era of big and fast steamers and of gay life on the river, and the era, also, of river gamblers, and races, wrecks, and explosions. From the very start he was "the big man" on the river, the builder of seven steamboats, all named *Natchez*, and each grander than its predecessor. A firm believer that the Mississippi River afforded the best means of travel and transportation for the entire "Valley," he stuck to his boat, like "Jim Bludsoe," to the very end. It was a brave fight, but very much like that the plucky Texas bull put up against the first locomotive that invaded the State. Captain Leathers ran his boats against the railroads long after it was a forlorn hope, and when it meant a steady loss season after season. He gave the railroads a great deal of trouble, fought every proposition for a bridge over a navigable stream, and every other franchise asked for by them, and sunk most of his money in the struggle. And so, when he was killed by a "scorcher" the other day, there were twenty-five carriages of pall-bearers at the funeral, for every man who had ever been in "the river trade" turned out to honor him, feeling that they were burying with him the cause for which he had fought for sixty years.

N. W.

WORKS OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS—(1860-96.)

I.

To some of those who write it happens that (imaginatively, and yet convincingly) they see themselves as though in the future—say, one hundred years from the date of the vision; and that they then find themselves much shrunken, so that they are not larger than a volume or two, or at most a little row of volumes. And yet, far from missing the corporeal part that they were wont to measure and weigh with such interest, they have a sense of comfort and of rest. There, on the shelf, is room enough, and in a "set" of books they feel commodiously housed, perhaps for the first time. And what entertainment they perceive in those who march up to them, and, without introduction, pat them on the back and commend them; or in those who perhaps are *not* complimentary—although these critics, being a hundred years or so younger than the subject of their criticism, might therefore express their estimate somewhat modestly: at the very worst, "That quaint old Asterisk!" or "*Rare* old Blank!" Then the apparent author has been wholly lost, and only the essential part—the real author—survives; and then is realized the futility of criticism which weighs and measures, comparing one author with another or with all the others, and confidently saying, "This is the greater," or even "This is the most eminent literary person of his time and nation." But the real author is imponderable.

This caution occurred to me when, I confess, I was on the point of speaking of Mr. Howells in the terms of some such comparison. The fault I detect was about to become my own. Surely it was an inexact doctrine that Matthew Arnold formulated when, in his preface to an edition of Wordsworth's poems, he declared that a poet is to be ranked according to the quantity or amount of thought on life that one discovers in his works; but it is such a familiar doctrine that it has its use, and using a little of it will not do much harm.

II.

Mr. Howells's earliest literary effort, or rather the first of which I have any knowledge, was a word picture of a winter day—such as winter days are in southern Ohio: the light snow almost disappearing at noon, but growing crisp again towards evening; the meeting and blending of two seasons in the course of twelve hours, as though the darkness only were winter and the light were summer. This composition was published in a newspaper when the author was fourteen years of age, and I think that in the choice of subject it must have reflected the influence of his father, who was a lover and close observer of nature. The boy's unguided impulse, I feel quite sure, would have been to write a story—a study of the life of a man, which is by so much the most interesting subject for literary treatment that sometimes one thinks it is the only interesting topic. And this may be said without disparagement of women, for the life of a woman is the story of one or more men. It is curious to note in Mr. Howells's later writings that when he goes back in memory to the same period and the same scenes the old influence is reasserted, and he straightway begins—unconsciously, no doubt—to give more space to scenery than is his custom. A fortunate result of the association of ideas this may well be called; we owe some very charming pictures to it. I may cite the following passage, which is somewhere in *My Year in a Log Cabin:*

> "The woods were full of squirrels, which especially abounded in the wood pastures, as we called the lovely dells where the greater part of the timber was thinned out to let the cattle range and graze. They were of all sorts—gray, and black, and even big red fox-squirrels, a variety I now suppose extinct. When the spring opened we hunted them in the poplar woods, whither they resorted in countless numbers for the sweetness in the cups of the tulip-tree blossoms.
>
> "I recall with a thrill one memorable morning in such woods—early, after an overnight rain, when the vistas hung full of a delicate mist that the sun pierced to kindle a million fires in the drops still pendulous from leaf and twig. I can smell the tulip blossoms and the odor of the tree bark yet, and the fresh, strong fragrance of the leafy mould under my bare feet; and I can hear the rush of the squirrels on the bark of the trunks, or the swish of their long, plunging leaps from bough to bough in the air-tops. I hope we came away without any of them."

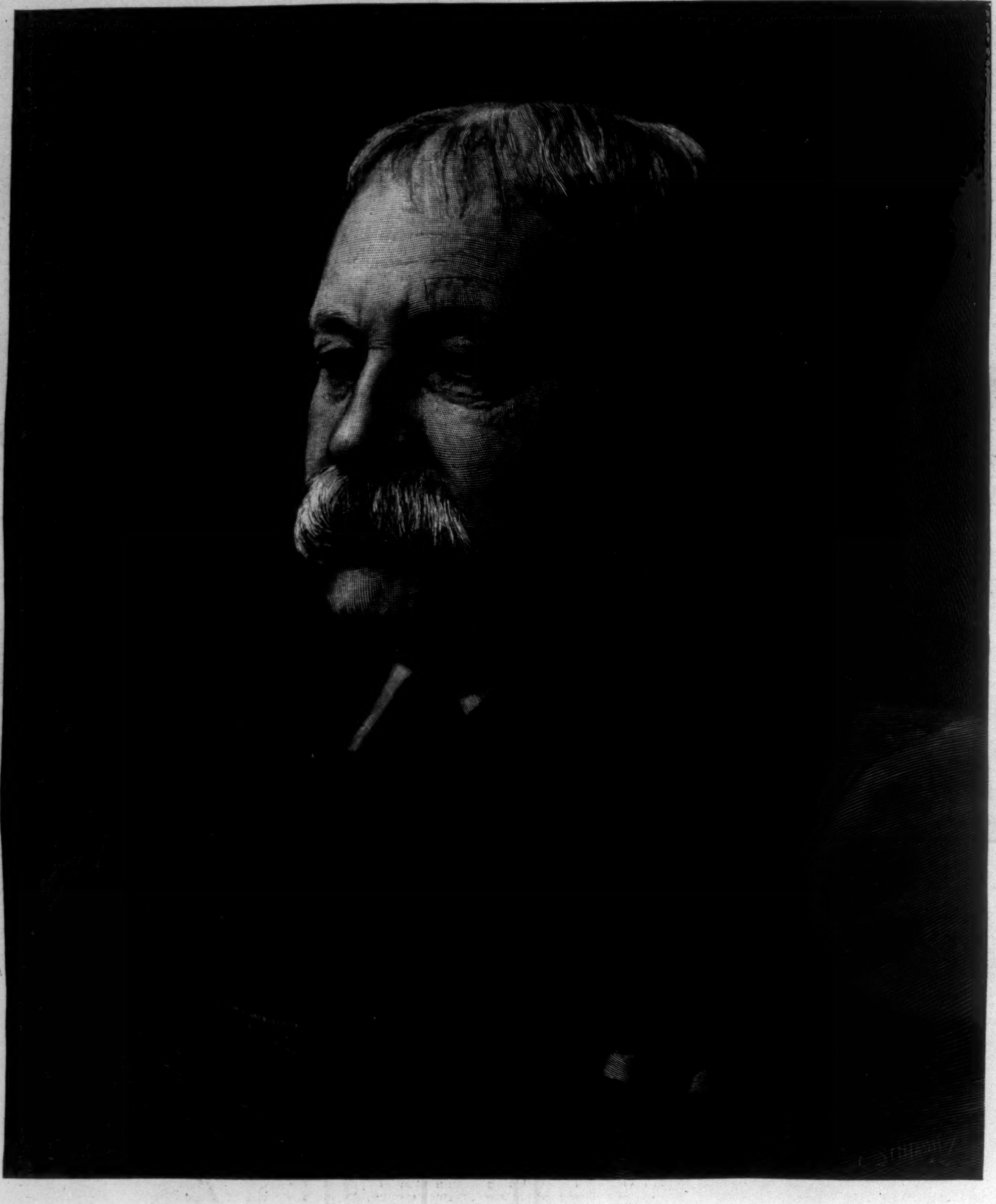
In 1860 *Poems of Two Friends* appeared—the friends thus associated being the subject of this little sketch and John J. Piatt. Mr. Howells finished his *Life of Abraham Lincoln* in the same year. Then six years passed before the next book was published—*Venetian Life*. His *Italian Journeys* came in 1867; *Suburban Sketches* and *No Love Lost, a Poem of Travel*, in 1868; three years later *Their Wedding Journey*, and *A Chance Acquaintance* in 1873. Already the writer and his audience (a large audience) had come to understand each other thoroughly—to know what to give and what to expect. "I have spent the night reading *A Chance Acquaintance*," said Tourguénief, "and now I should like to visit a country where there are girls like the heroine." In other words, the characters represented in these earlier books convinced the reader of their reality; but Mr. Howells had not begun to think of himself as a "realist." His acceptance of the actual thing for use in his art—the types of character he observed, and their normal motives as he understood them—has an exceedingly simple explanation: he is appreciative and he is courageous. Other American writers, unresponsive to the vital interest of their surroundings, held fast to the English literary tradition; they insisted upon finding in their environment the approved literary ingredients. When they did not find them (and of course this was the rule) they invented. That, as I understand it, is the obnoxious part of "romanticism"; it is unpatriotic, untruthful; its product distorted and tinted images of American life, as viewed through literary spectacles, false in outline, false in spirit or coloring, yet without claiming the lawful freedom of romance. To Mr. Howells, because he was appreciative, this American life seemed the most attractive and the most worthy subject of study for an American artist; and because he was courageous his own method was shaped in faithful correspondence with his convictions. He also, and not less than the others, had been trained in the English tradition; he was of a reading family, and from the first had seen life through just such literary spectacles; but for his part he would have no more of them; he threw away *his* pair long before he thought of asking others to do the same, and without giving a name to his theory or making profession of a new literary faith. The campaigning for realism came later, as we shall see.

A Foregone Conclusion was published in 1874; in the following year *Out of the Question* and the *Life of Rutherford B. Hayes*; then *A Counterfeit Presentment* and some of the volumes of *Choice Biographies* (which Mr. Howells edited, with essays) came in 1877, and in 1878 *The Lady of the Aroostook* and the concluding volumes of the *Choice Biographies*. At intervals of two years (1880–82) the public acquired *The Undiscovered Country* and *A Fearful Responsibility, and Other Tales*; then followed, in 1883, *Dr. Breen's Practice* and *A Modern Instance*; in 1884, *A Woman's Reason*; in 1885 *Three Villages*, *Tuscan Cities*, and *The Rise of Silas Lapham*; in 1886 *A Little Girl among the Old Masters*, *The Minister's Charge*, and *Indian Summer*; in 1887 *Modern Italian Poets* and *April Hopes*.

The last-mentioned work, Mr. Howells says, was the first he wrote with the distinct consciousness that he was writing as a realist, and I think there is internal evidence of this consciousness, its people are so closely studied, and all details of manner, dress, expression, and gesture, as well as motive and environment, are so conscientiously reported. An unfair example, which shows not the normal but the extreme application of a theory, is this description of Alice Pasmer from the second chapter:

> "Mrs. Pasmer looked at her daughter, but she stood as passive in the transaction as the elder Mavering. She was taller than her mother, and, as she waited, her supple figure described that fine lateral curve which one sees in some Louis Quinze portraits; this effect was enhanced by the fashion of her dress of pale sage green, with a wide stripe or sash of white dropping down the front from her delicate waist. The same simple combination of colors was carried up into her hat, which surmounted darker hair than Mrs. Pasmer's, and a complexion of wholesome pallor; her eyes were gray and grave, with black brows, and her face, which was rather narrow, had a pleasing irregularity in the sharp jut of the nose; in profile, the parting of the red lips showed well back into the cheek."

Annie Kilburn followed in 1888, and in the same year the *Library of Universal Adventure* was issued under Mr. Howells's editorial supervision. *A Hazard of New Fortunes*, *The Sleeping-Car, and Other Farces*, and *The Mouse-Trap, and Other Farces*, were published in 1889; *The Shadow of a Dream*, pre-eminent for literary quality and witty dialogue, in 1890; *An Imperative Duty* in 1891—that searching examination of the negro problem in its social aspect, with the pitiful figure of a beautiful girl whose voice "sounded *black*." Sharply contrasting with this, in the same year, came *A Boy's Town*, *The Albany Depot*, and *Criticism and Fiction*. Overt realism in this last, roundly stated, elegantly reasoned. We carried the argument about with us in our minds—for that matter, we took the convenient little volume in our pockets; we discussed realism and romanticism when we met, restat-



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

ENGRAVED BY E. SCHLADITZ FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY COX.

ing and misstating, writing about both. I know that one of the commonest errors of the year was the assertion that Mr. Howells had a quarrel with Romance. Not a bit of it. He wanted to see the novel and the romance kept apart and distinct. No man more ready than he to do honor to the latter in its own sphere; but the former professed to be a faithful picture of real life, and he called for good faith in the discharge of this obligation; he protested against that anomalous thing, a romantic novel—against "romanticism."

A story of a defaulting treasurer, a handsome, clerical-looking, self-respecting thief, *The Quality of Mercy*, a syndicated serial story in many newspapers, appeared in 1892, and before the close of the year *The Letter of Introduction*, *A Little Swiss Sojourn*, and the volume of stories for children. entitled *Christmas Every Day*. A year later *The Unexpected Guests* arrived, *The World of Chance* essayed its fortunes in HARPER'S MONTHLY, and as a comely volume, *The Year in a Log Cabin* was recalled, and *The Coast of Bohemia* was rather harmlessly skirted: the young person is not impressed with the indispensableness of skilful navigation along that treacherous shore.

In June, 1894. when his first romance, *A Traveler from Altruria*, was about to appear in book form, Mr. Howells told me that during its publication as a serial he got more letters about it than about any other story he had written in many and many a year—"letters from all over the country and from all kinds of people." I think that some of the books one likes impose silence, while others have a tendency to make the reader communicative, and that *A Traveler from Altruria* belongs to the latter class. The Altrurian's doctrine, which is almost appealing in its frank good-will and its confidence that human nature is not altogether selfish, is an answer to grave questions that had arisen in the author's own mind; it is offered as a partial solution of problems which he found confronting himself, compelling attention, refusing to be curtly dismissed. They made their demand—these questions and problems—when Mr. Howells was writing *Silas Lapham*. His affairs prospering, his work marching as well as heart could wish, suddenly, and without apparent cause, the status seemed wholly wrong. His own expression, in speaking with me about that time, was, "The bottom dropped out!" A still more recent volume—the volume of poems entitled *Stops of Various Quills*—contains much of the same questioning. The poems are brief and gravely beautiful or finely epigrammatic things; and all assuredly unfeigned. If I had not just denied the validity of certain comparisons I should like to say that there is nothing more modern, more searching than "Calvary":

> "If He could doubt on His triumphant cross,
> How much more I, in the defeat and loss
> Of seeing all my selfish dreams fulfilled,
> Of having lived the very life I willed,
> Of being all that I desired to be?
> My God, my God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

There remain only four titles: *My Literary Passions*, of last year; *The Day of their Wedding* and *A Parting and a Meeting*, of this year; and, in the present issue of the WEEKLY, "The Landlord at Lion's Head."

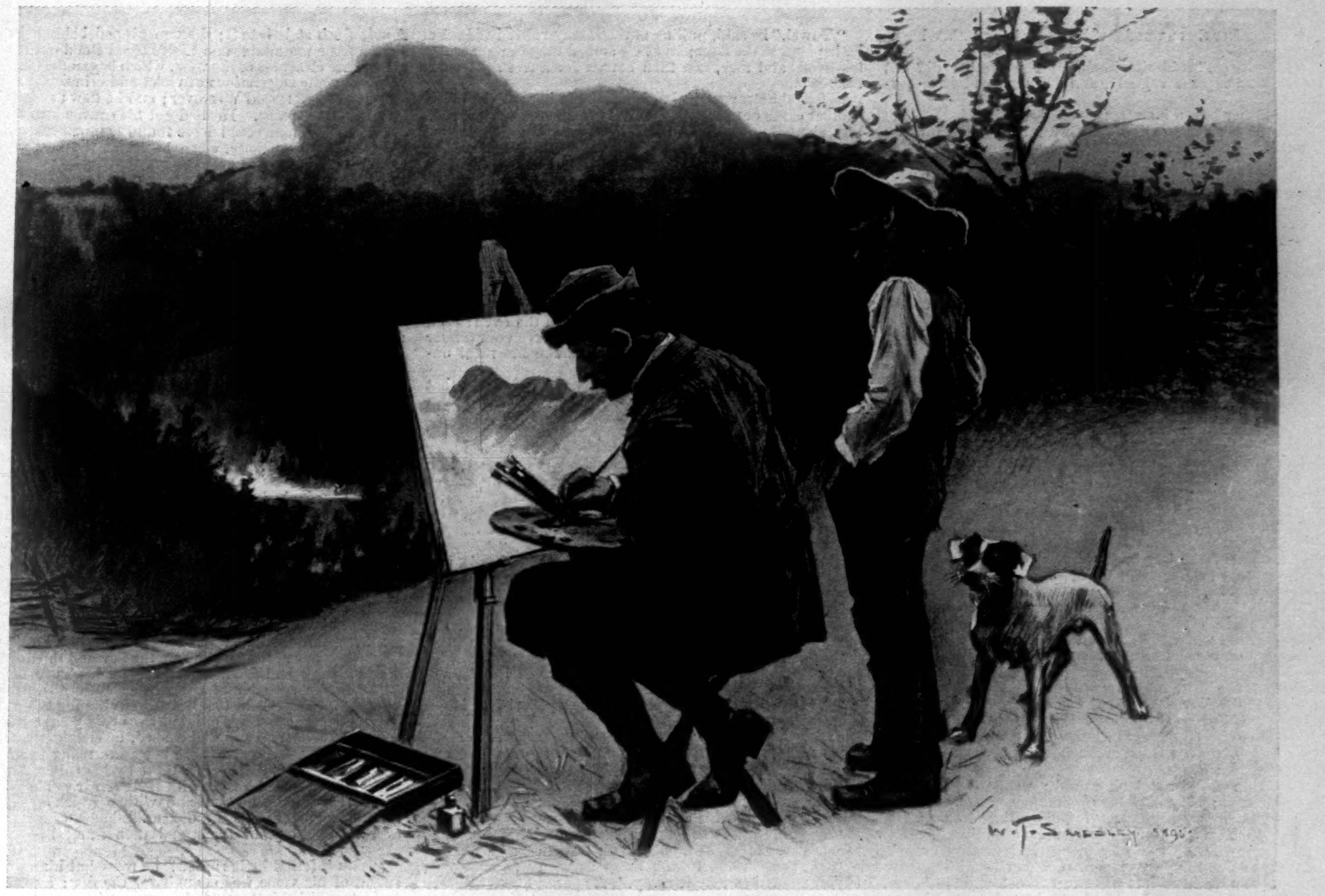
It is a very distinguished company of books; better than any mortal could do it, *they* introduce the new-comer.

III.

An eminent German critic has said that the best thing he knows about America is the fact that books with the fine quality that he discovers in our author have a good sale in the author's own country.

The best thing I know about America is that it is impossible to imagine an American so unintentionally offensive as that German. But in any case of doubt, when the question has been raised whether this thing or that is characteristic of American life, where would you apply for information? If the question comes up now, there are few students who will not first think of Howells's works, and consult them with the highest confidence in the value of their evidence on this point. And when such questions shall be proposed in the future, will there be any other body of information by a single hand comparable with this, in respect to American life at the end of the nineteenth century? Are there other pictures of our times as faithful? Has another observer's regard embraced so many social phases?—although, it must be confessed, the survey is not absolutely complete, for there is not a bit of social impurity, immorality. And all of this "thought on life" (to recur to Matthew Arnold's phrase), instead of being offered as a mass, thrown formlessly into some dull, repulsive volume, has been beautifully grouped, invested with literary charm; and fortunately the best part of the series may be still to come. I think the readers of this new story will find it in some respects the best. And its author's zest is undiminished, and he is young enough to plant trees.

MARRION WILCOX.



THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD.

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,

AUTHOR OF "A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES," "THE QUALITY OF MERCY," ETC.

I.

IF you looked at the mountain from the west, the line of the summit was wandering and uncertain, like that of most mountain-tops; but seen from the east, the mass of granite showing above the dense forests of the lower slopes had the form of a sleeping lion. The flanks and haunches were vaguely distinguished from the mass; but the mighty head, resting with its tossed mane upon the vast paws stretched before it, was boldly sculptured against the sky. The likeness could not have been more perfect, when you had it in profile, if it had been a definite intention of art; and you could travel far north and far south before the illusion vanished. In winter the head was blotted by the snows; and sometimes the vagrant clouds caught upon it and deformed it, or hid it, at other seasons; but commonly, after the last snow went in the spring until the first snow came in the fall, the Lion's Head was a part of the landscape, as imperative and importunate as the Great Stone Face itself.

Long after other parts of the hill country were opened to summer sojourn, the region of Lion's Head remained almost primitively solitary and savage. A stony mountain road followed the bed of the torrent that brawled through the valley at its base, and at a certain point a still rougher lane climbed from the road along the side of the opposite height to a lonely farm-house pushed back on a narrow shelf of land, with a meagre acreage of field and pasture broken out of the woods that clothed all the neighboring steeps. The farm-house level commanded the best view of Lion's Head, and the visitors always mounted to it, whether they came on foot, or arrived on buckboards or in buggies, or drove up in the Concord stages from the farther and nearer hotels. The drivers of the coaches rested their horses there, and watered them from the spring that dripped into the green log at the barn; the passengers scattered about the door-yard to look at the Lion's Head, to wonder at it and mock at it, according to their several makes and moods. They could scarcely have felt that they ever had a welcome from the stalwart, handsome woman who sold them milk, if they wanted it, and small cakes of maple sugar if they were very strenuous for something else. The ladies were not able to make much of her, from the first; but some of them asked her if it were not rather lonely there, and she said that when you heard the catamounts scream at night, and the bears growl in the spring, it did seem lonesome. When one of them declared that if she should hear a catamount scream, or a bear growl, she should die, the woman answered, Well, she presumed we must all die some time. But the ladies were not sure of a covert slant in her words, for they were spoken with the same look she wore when she told them that the milk was five cents a glass, and the black maple sugar three cents a cake. She did not change when she owned upon their urgence that the gaunt man whom they glimpsed around the corners of the house was her husband, and the three lank boys with him were her sons; that the children whose faces watched them through the writhing window-panes were her two little girls; that the urchin who stood shyly twisted, all but his white head and sunburnt face, into her dress, and glanced at them with a mocking blue eye, was her youngest, and that he was three years old. With like coldness of voice and face, she assented to their conjecture that the space walled off in the farther corner of the orchard was the family burial-ground; and she said, with no more feeling that the ladies could see than she had shown concerning the other facts, that the graves they saw were those of her husband's family and of the children she had lost: there had been ten children, and she had lost four. She did not visibly shrink from the pursuit of the sympathy which expressed itself in curiosity as to the sicknesses they had died of; the ladies left her with the belief that they had met a character, and she remained with the conviction, briefly imparted to her husband, that they were tonguey.

The summer folks came more and more, every year, with little variance in the impression on either side. When they told her that her maple sugar would sell better if the cake had an image of Lion's Head stamped on it, she answered that she got enough of Lion's Head without wanting to see it on all the sugar she made. But the next year the cakes bore a rude effigy of Lion's Head, and she said that one of her boys had cut the stamp out with his knife; she now charged five cents a cake for the sugar, but her manner remained the same. It did not change when the excursionists drove away, and the deep silence native to the place fell after their chatter. When a cock crew, or a cow lowed, or a horse neighed, or one of the boys shouted to the cattle, an echo retorted from the granite base of Lion's Head, and then she had all the noise she wanted, or at any rate, all the noise there was, most of the time. Now and then a wagon passed on the stony road by the brook in the valley, and sent up its clatter to the farm-house on its high shelf, but there was scarcely another break from the silence, except when the coaching parties came. The continuous clash and rush of the brook was like a part of the silence, as the red of the farm-house and the barn was like a part of the green of the fields and woods all round them; the black-green of pines and spruces, the yellow-green of maples and birches, dense to the tops of the dreary hills, and breaking like a baffled sea around the granite base of Lion's Head.

The farmer stooped at his work, with a thin, inward-curving chest, but his wife stood straight at hers; and she had a massive beauty of figure, and a heavily moulded regularity of feature that impressed such as had eyes to see her grandeur among the summer folks. She was forty when they began to come, and an ashen gray was creeping over the reddish heaps of her hair, like the pallor that overlies the crimson of the autumnal oak. She showed her age earlier than most fair people, but since her marriage at eighteen she had lived long in the deaths of the children she had lost. They were born with the taint of their father's family, and they withered from their cradles. The youngest boy alone, of all her brood, seemed to have inherited her health and strength. The rest as they grew up began to cough, as she had heard her husband's brothers and sisters cough, and then she waited in hapless patience the fulfilment of their doom. The two little girls whose faces the ladies of the first coaching party saw at the farm-house windows had died away from them; two of the lank boys had escaped, and in the perpetual exile of California and Colorado had saved themselves alive. Their father talked of going too, but ten years later he still dragged himself spectrally about the labors of the farm, with the same cough at sixty which made his oldest son at twenty-nine look scarcely younger than himself.

II.

One soft noon in the middle of August the farmer came in from the corn-field that an early frost had blighted, and told his wife that they must give it up. He said, in his weak, hoarse voice, with the catarrhal catching in it, that it was no use trying to make a living on the farm any longer. The oats had hardly been worth cutting, and now the corn was gone, and there was not hay enough without it to winter the stock; if they got through themselves they would have to live on potatoes. Have a vendue, and sell out everything before the snow flew, and let the State take the farm and get what it could for it, and turn over the balance that was left after the taxes; the interest of the savings-bank mortgage would soon eat that up.

The long loose cough took him, and another cough answered it like an echo from the barn, where his son was giving the horses their feed. The mild, wan-eyed young man came round the corner presently, towards the porch where his father and mother were sitting, and at the same moment a boy came up the lane to the other corner; there were sixteen years between the ages of the brothers, who alone were left of the children born into and borne out of the house. The young man waited till they were within whispering distance of each other, and then he gasped, "Where you been?"

The boy answered promptly, "None your business," and went up the steps before the young man, with a lop-eared, liver-colored mongrel at his heels. He pulled off his ragged straw hat and flung it on the floor of the porch. "Dinner over?" he demanded.

His father made no answer; his mother looked at the boy's hands and face, all of much the same earthern cast, up to the eaves of his thatch of yellow hair, and said, "You go and wash yourself." At a certain light in his mother's eye, which he caught as he passed into the house, with his dog, the boy turned and cut a defiant caper. The oldest son sat down on the bench beside his father, and they all looked in silence at the mountain before them. They heard the boy whistling behind the house with sputtering and blubbering noises, as if he were washing his face while he whistled; and then they heard him singing, with a muffled sound, and sharp breaks from the muffled sound, as if he were singing into the towel; he shouted to his dog and threatened him, and the scuffling of his feet came to them through all, as if he were dancing.

"Been after them woodchucks, ag'in," his father huskily suggested.

"I guess so," said the mother. The brother did not speak; he coughed vaguely, and let his head sink forward.

The father began a statement of his affairs.

The mother said: "You don't want to go into that; we been all over it before. If it's come to the point, now, it's come. But you want to be sure."

The man did not answer directly. "If we could sell off now, and get out to where Jim is in Californy, and get a piece of land—" He stopped, as if confronted with some difficulty which he had met before, but had hoped he might not find in his way this time.

His wife laughed grimly. "I guess if the truth was known, we're too poor to get away."

"We're poor," he whispered back. He added, with a weak obstinacy, "I d' know as we're as poor as that comes to. The things would fetch something."

"Enough to get us out there, and then we should be on Jim's hands," said the woman.

"We should till spring, maybe. I d' know as I want to face another winter here, and I d' know as Jackson does."

The young man gasped back courageously, "I guess I can get along here well enough."

"It's made Jim ten years younger. That's what he said," urged the father.

The mother smiled as grimly as she had laughed. "I don't believe it'll make you ten years richer, and that's what *you* want."

"I don't believe but what we should ha' done something with the place by spring. Or the State would," the father said, lifelessly.

The voice of the boy broke in upon them from behind. "Say, mother! A'n't you never goin' to have dinner?" He was standing in the doorway, with a startling cleanness of the hands and face, and a strange wet sleekness of the hair. His clothes were bedrabbled down the front with soap and water.

His mother rose and went towards him; his father and brother rose like apparitions, and slanted after her at one angle.

"Say!" the boy called again to his mother. "There comes a peddler." He pointed down the road at the figure of a man briskly ascending the lane toward the house, with a pack on his back, and some strange appendages dangling from it.

The woman did not look round; neither of the men looked round; they all kept on in-doors, and she said to the boy, as she passed him: "I got no time to waste on peddlers. You tell him we don't want anything."

The boy waited for the figure on the lane to approach. It was the figure of a young man, who slung his burden lightly from his shoulders when he arrived, and then stood looking at the boy, with his foot planted on the lowermost tread of the steps climbing from the ground to the porch.

III.

The boy must have permitted these advances that he might inflict the greater disappointment when he spoke. "We don't want anything," he said, insolently.

"Don't you?" the stranger returned. "*I* do. I want dinner. Go in and tell your mother, and then show me where I can wash my hands."

The bold ease of the stranger seemed to daunt the boy, and he stood irresolute. His dog came round the corner of the house at the first word of the parley, and while his master was making up his mind what to do, he smelt at the stranger's legs. "Well, you can't *have* any dinner," said the boy, tentatively. The dog raised the bristles on his neck, and showed his teeth with a snarl. The stranger promptly kicked him in the jaw, and the dog ran off, howling. "Come here, sir!" the boy called to him, but the dog vanished round the house with a fading yelp.

"Now, young man," said the stranger, "will you go and do as you're bid? I'm ready to pay for my dinner, and you can say so." The boy stared at him, slowly taking in the facts of his costume, with eyes that climbed from the heavy shoes up the legs of his thick ribbed stockings and his knickerbockers, past the pleats and belt of his Norfolk jacket, to the red neckcloth tied under the loose collar of his flannel outing-shirt, and so by his face, with its soft young beard, and its quiet eyes, to the top of his braidless, bandless slouch hat of soft felt. It was one of the earliest costumes of the kind that had shown itself in the hill country, and it was altogether new to the boy. "Come," said the wearer of it, "don't stand on the order of your going, but go at once," and he sat down on the steps with his back to the boy, who heard these strange terms of command with a face of vague envy.

The noonday sunshine lay in a thin silvery glister on the slopes of the mountain before them, and in the brilliant light the colossal forms of the Lion's Head were prismatically outlined against the speckless sky. Through the silvery veil there burnt here and there on the densely wooded acclivities the crimson torch of a maple, kindled before its time, but everywhere else there was the unbroken green of the forest, subdued to one tone of gray. The boy heard the stranger fetch his breath deeply, and then expel it in a long sigh, before he could bring himself to obey an order that seemed to leave him without the choice of disobedience. He came back and found the stranger as he had left him. "Come on, if you want your dinner," he said; and the stranger rose and looked at him.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Thomas Jefferson Durgin."

"Well, Thomas Jefferson Durgin, will you show me the way to the pump, and bring a towel along?"

"Want to wash?"

"I haven't changed my mind."

"Come along, then." The boy made a movement as if to lead the way in-doors; the stranger arrested him.

"Here! Take hold of this, and put it out of the rush of travel, somewhere." He lifted his burden from where he had dropped it in the road, and swung it toward the boy, who ran down the steps and embraced it. As he carried it toward a corner of the porch, he felt of the various shapes and materials in it.

Then he said "Come on!" again, and went before the guest through the dim hall running midway of the house to the door at the rear. He left him on a narrow space of stone flagging there, and ran with a tin basin to the spring at the barn, and brought it back to him full of the cold water.

"Towel," he said, pulling at the family roller inside the little porch at the door; and he watched the stranger wash his hands and face, and then search for a fresh place on the towel.

Before the stranger had finished, the father and the elder brother came out, and after an ineffectual attempt to salute him, slanted away to the barn together. The woman, indoors, was more successful, when he found her in the dining-room, where the boy showed him. The table was set for him alone, and it affected him as if the family had been hurried away from it that he might have it to himself. Everything was very simple; the iron forks had two prongs; the knives bone handles; the dull glass was pressed; the heavy plates and cups were white, but so was the cloth, and all were clean. The woman brought in a good boiled dinner of corned beef, potatoes, turnips, and carrots, from the kitchen, and a teapot, and said something about having kept them hot on the stove for him; she brought him a plate of biscuit fresh from the oven; then she said to the boy, "You come out and have your dinner with me, Jeff," and left the guest to make his meal unmolested.

The room was square, with two north windows that looked down the lane he had climbed to the house. An open door led into the kitchen in an ell, and a closed door opposite probably gave access to a parlor or a ground-floor chamber. The windows were darkened down to the lower sash by green paper shades; the walls were papered in a pattern of brown roses; over the chimney hung a large picture, a life-size pencil-drawing of two little girls, one slightly older and slightly larger than the other, each with round eyes and precise ringlets, and with her hand clasped in the other's hand.

The guest seemed helpless to take his gaze from it, and he sat fallen back in his chair staring at it, when the woman came in with a pie.

"Thank you, I believe I don't want any dessert," he said. "The fact is, the dinner was so good that I haven't left any room for pie. Are those your children?"

"Yes," said the woman, looking up at the picture with the pie in her hand. "They're the two last I lost."

"Oh, excuse me!" the guest began.

"It's the way they appear in the spirit life. It's a spirit picture."

"Oh! I thought there was something strange about it."

"Well, it's a good deal like the photograph we had taken about a year before they died. It's a good likeness, They say they don't change a great deal, at first."

She seemed to refer the point to him for his judgment; but he answered wide of it:

"I came up here to paint your mountain, if you don't mind, Mrs. Durgin,—Lion's Head, I mean."

"Oh, yes. Well, I don't know as we could stop you, if you wanted to take it away." A spare glimmer lighted up her face.

The painter rejoined in kind. "The town might have something to say, I suppose."

"Not if you was to leave a good piece of intervale in place of it. We've got mountains to spare."

"Well, then, that's arranged. What about a week's board?"

"I guess you can stay, if you're satisfied."

"I'll be satisfied if I can stay. How much do you want?"

The woman looked down, probably with an inward anxiety between the fear of asking too much and the folly of asking too little. She said, tentatively, "Some of the folks that come over from the hotels say they pay as much as twenty dollars a week."

"But you don't expect hotel prices?"

"I don't know as I do. We've never had anybody before."

The stranger relaxed the frown he had put on at the greed of her suggestion; it might have come from ignorance, or mere innocence. "I'm in the habit of paying five dollars for farm board, where I stay several weeks. What do you say to seven for a single week?"

"I guess that 'll do," said the woman, and she went out with the pie, which she had kept in her hands.

IV.

The painter went round to the front of the house and walked up and down before it for different points of view. He ran down the lane some way, and then came back, and climbed to the sloping field behind the barn, where he could look at Lion's Head over the roof of the house. He tried an open space in the orchard, where he backed against the wall enclosing the little burial-ground. He looked round at it without seeming to see it, and then went back to the level where the house stood. "This is the place," he said to himself. But the boy, who had been lurking after him, with the dog lurking at his own heels in turn, took the words as a proffer of conversation.

"I thought you'd come to it," he sneered.

"Did you?" asked the painter, with a smile for the unsatisfied grudge in the boy's tone. "Why didn't you tell me sooner?"

The boy looked down, and apparently made up his mind to wait until something sufficiently severe should come to him for a retort. "Want I should help you get your things?" he asked, presently.

"Why, yes," said the painter, with a glance of surprise. "I shall be much obliged for a lift." He started towards the porch where his burden lay, and the boy ran before him. They jointly separated the knapsack from the things tied to it, and the painter let the boy carry the easel and camp-stool which developed themselves from their folds and hinges, and brought the colors and canvas himself to the spot he had chosen. The boy looked at the tag on the easel after it was placed, and read the name on it, —Jere Westover. "That's a funny name."

"I'm glad it amuses you," said the owner of it.

Again the boy cast down his eyes discomfited, and seemed again resolving silently to bide his time and watch for another chance.

Westover forgot him in the fidget he fell into, trying this and that effect, with his head slanted one way, and then slanted the other, his hand held up to shut out the mountain below the granite mass of Lion's Head, and then changed to cut off the sky above; and then both hands lifted in parallel to confine the picture. He made some tentative scrawls on his canvas in charcoal, and he wasted so much time that the light on the mountain-side began to take the rich tone of the afternoon deepening to evening. A soft flush stole into it; the sun dipped behind the top south of the mountain, and Lion's Head stood out against the intense clearness of the west, which began to be flushed with exquisite suggestions of violet and crimson.

"Good Lord!" said Westover; and he flew at his colors and began to paint. He had got his canvas into such a state that he alone could have found it much more intelligible than his palette, when he heard the boy saying, over his shoulder, "I don't think that looks very much like it." He had last been aware of the boy sitting at the grassy edge of the lane, tossing small bits of earth and pebble across to his dog, which sat at the other edge, and snapped at them. Then he lost consciousness of him. He answered dreamily, while he found a tint he was trying for with his brush, "Perhaps you don't know." He was so sure of his effect that the popular censure speaking in the boy's opinion only made him happier in it.

"I know what I see," said the boy.

"I doubt it," said Westover, and then he lost consciousness of him again. He was wrapt deep and far into the joy of his work, and had no thought but for that, and for the dim question whether it would be such another day tomorrow, with that light again on Lion's Head, when he was at last sensible of a noise that he felt he must have been hearing some time without noting it. It was a lamentable sound of screaming, as of some one in mortal terror, mixed with wild entreaties. "Oh don't, Jeff! Oh, don't, don't, don't! Oh please! Oh do let us be! Oh, Jeff, don't!"

Westover looked round bewildered, and not able, amid the clamor of the echoes, to make out where the cries came from. Then, down at the point where the lane joined the road to the southward, and the road lost itself in the shadow of a woodland, he saw the boy leaping back and forth across the track, with his dog beside him; he was shouting and his dog barking furiously; those screams and entreaties came from within the shadow. Westover plunged down the lane headlong, with a speed that gathered at each bound, and that almost flung him on his face when he reached the level where the boy and the dog were dancing back and forth across the road. Then he saw, crouching in the edge of the wood, a little girl, who was uttering the appeals he had heard, and clinging to her, with a face of frantic terror, a child of five or six years; his cries had grown hoarse, and had a hard, mechanical action as they followed one another. They were really in no danger, for the boy held his dog tight by his collar, and was merely delighting himself with their terror. The painter hurled himself upon him, and with a quick grip upon his collar, gave him half a dozen flat-handed blows wherever he could plant them, and then flung him reeling away.

"You infernal little ruffian!" he roared at him; and the sound of his voice was enough for the dog; he began to scale the hill-side toward the house without a moment's stay.

The children still crouched together, and Westover could hardly make them understand that they were in his keeping when he bent over them, and bade them not be frightened. The little girl set about wiping the child's eyes on her apron in a motherly fashion; her own were dry enough, and Westover fancied there was more of fury than of fright in her face. She seemed lost to any sense of his presence, and kept on talking fiercely to herself, while she put the little boy in order, like an indignant woman. "Great, mean, ugly thing! I'll tell the teacher on him, that's what I will, as soon as ever school begins. I'll see if he can come round with that dog of his scaring folks! I wouldn't 'a' been a bit afraid if it hadn't 'a' been for Franky. Don't cry any more, Franky! Don't you see they're gone? I presume he thinks it smart to scare a little boy and a girl. If I was a boy once, I'd *show* him."

She made no sign of gratitude to Westover: as far as any recognition from her was concerned, his intervention was something as impersonal as if it had been a thunder-bolt falling upon her enemies from the sky.

"Where do you live?" he asked. "I'll go home with you, if you'll tell me where you live."

She looked up at him in a daze, and Westover heard the Durgin boy saying, "She lives right there in that little wood-colored house at the other end of the lane. There ain't no call to go home with her."

Westover turned and saw the boy kneeling at the edge of a clump of bushes, where he must have struck; he was rubbing with a tuft of grass at the dirt ground into the knees of his trousers.

The little girl turned hawkishly upon him. "Not for anything *you* can do, Jeff Durgin!"

The boy did not answer.

"There!" she said, giving a final pull and twitch to the dress of her brother, and taking him by the hand tenderly. "Now, come right along, Franky."

"Let me have your other hand," said Westover, and with the little boy between them they set off toward the point where the lane joined the road on the northward. They had to pass the bushes where Jeff Durgin was crouching, and the little girl turned and made a face at him. "Oh, oh! I don't think I should have done that!" said Westover.

"I don't care!" said the little girl. But she said, in explanation and partial excuse: "He tries to scare *all* the girls. I'll let him know 't he can't scare *me*."

Westover looked up toward the Durgin house with a return of interest in the canvas he had left in the lane on the easel. Nothing had happened to it. At the door of the barn he saw the farmer and his eldest son, slanting forward and staring down the hill at the point he had come from. Mrs. Durgin was looking out from the shelter of the porch, and she turned and went in with Jeff's dog at her skirts when Westover came in sight with the children.

V.

Westover had his tea with the family, but nothing was said or done to show that any of them resented or even knew of what had happened to the boy from him. Jeff himself seemed to have no grudge. He went out with Westover, when the meal was ended, and sat on the steps of the porch with him, watching the painter watch the light darken on the lonely heights and in the lonely depths around. Westover smoked a pipe, and the fire gleamed and smouldered in it regularly with his breathing; the boy, on a lower step, pulled at the long ears of his dog, and gazed up at him.

They were both silent till the painter asked, "What do you do here, when you're not trying to scare little children to death?"

The boy hung his head, and said, with the effect of excusing a long arrears of uselessness, "I'm goin' to school, as soon as it commences."

"There's one branch of your education that I should like to undertake, if I ever saw you at a thing like that again. Don't you feel ashamed of yourself?"

The boy pulled so hard at the dog's ear that the dog gave a faint yelp of protest.

"They might 'a' seen that I had him by the collar. I wa'n't a-goin' to let go."

"Well, the next time I have *you* by the collar, *I* won't let go, either," said the painter; but he felt an inadequacy in his threat, and he imagined a superfluity, and he made some haste to ask, "Who are they?"

"Whitwell is their name. They live in that little house there where you took them. Their father's got a piece of land on Lion's Head that he's clearin' off for the timber. Their mother's dead, and Cynthia keeps house. She's always makin' up names and faces," added the boy. "She thinks herself awful smart. That Franky's a perfect cry-baby."

"Well, upon my word! You *are* a little ruffian," said Westover, and he knocked the ashes out of his pipe. "The next time you meet that poor little creature, you tell her that I think you're about the shabbiest chap I know, and that I hope the teacher will begin where I left off with you, and not leave blackguard enough in you to—"

He stopped for want of a fitting figure, and the boy said, "I guess the teacher won't touch me."

Westover rose, and the boy flung his dog away from him with his foot. "Want I should show you where to sleep?"

"Yes," said Westover, and the boy hulked in before him, vanishing into the dark of the interior, and presently appeared with a lighted hand-lamp. He led the way up stairs to a front room looking down upon the porch roof, and over toward Lion's Head, which Westover could see dimly outlined against the night sky, when he lifted the edge of the paper shade and peered out.

The room was neat, with greater comfort in its appointments than he hoped for. He tried the bed, and found it hard, but of straw, and not the feathers he had dreaded; while the boy looked into the water-pitcher, to see if it was full, and then went out without any form of good-night.

Westover would have expected to wash in a tin basin at the back door, and wipe on the family towel, but all the means of toilet, such as they were, he found at hand here, and a surprise which he had felt at a certain touch in the cooking renewed itself at the intelligent arrangements for his comfort. A secondary quilt was laid across the foot of his bed; his window-shade was pulled down, and though the window was shut, and the air stuffy within, there was a sense of cleanliness in everything, which was not at variance with the closeness.

The bed felt fresh when he got into it, and the sweet breath of the mountains came in so cold through the sash he had lifted that he was glad to pull the secondary quilt up over him. He heard the clock tick in some room below; from another quarter came the muffled sound of coughing; but otherwise the world was intensely still, and he slept deep and long.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WASHINGTON'S COMMISSION.

FEW historical documents exceed in interest that for the first time reproduced in the present issue. The commission by which the Continental Congress made Washington Commander-in-Chief, carried by him upon his person during those eight years of strife and exposure, its preservation, creased and faded as it is, is due solely to the fact that it was engrossed on parchment. Could it but speak, it would have many a tale to tell of patriotism and courage and hope, and many a tale of treachery and cowardice and despair. Mute as it is, there are some facts connected with it worth the telling.

"Reposing especial trust and confidence in your patriotism, conduct and fidelity" are the reasons, so the commission states, why the Congress "constitute and appoint" Washington "General and Commander-in-Chief." None the less there was another reason for his appointment not touched upon in the commission, and this unexpressed motive contains one of the most striking object-lessons in practical politics to be found in our history. To properly appreciate its underlying cause it is necessary to trace certain events antedating any suggestion of the appointment of Washington.

The mutual suspicion and dislike of the colonies of each other, and especially of the middle and southern of the New England, were strong enough to have made all attempts at united action prior to 1773 fail, and this feeling of distrust was much increased by the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor by a mob. Throughout the continent thoughtful people revolted from that illegal and anarchic act, refused Massachusetts either approval or aid, and advised—indeed in some cases ordered—that colony to make compensation for what had been destroyed. Had matters remained in *statu quo*, Boston would have had to eat the humble pie that her agent, Benjamin Franklin, himself cooked for her at London in agreeing, on her behalf, to pay for the tea. The English government, however, misreading this disapproval of Boston by the other colonies, concluded that the alienation was so complete that they would not come to her defence, however she was punished, and therefore decided to make an object-lesson of that town. In a moment of blinded rage and folly, therefore, they pushed through Parliament the Boston Port Bill, which, by closing the port to all commerce, not merely meant ruin to the city, but the depriving of its citizens of all the privileges which Englishmen had held to be inherent rights. Thus in a moment Massachusetts was changed from a factious into a martyred colony. On the day the act went into effect, from one end of the land to the other funeral bells tolled, fasts were held, and many people put on mourning, for, as one man wrote, "whoever will scrutinize narrowly the late act of Parliament may clearly discern that we are all included. The words 'Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, East and West Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and North and South Carolina' are included; only they are written in lime juice, and want the heat of fire to make them legible." In fact, from being thirteen discordant colonies, that act had united them all on a common object.

To work in unison was more difficult. Massachusetts asked of her sister colonies help, but suspicion against her was still so strong that the other colonies dared not trust her. At New York's suggestion, therefore, a Congress of all the colonies was called in 1774, to decide on what should be done, and to hold Massachusetts in continental check. In the Congress which thus assembled there were, broadly speaking, three parties. The first, headed by Massachusetts, favored a suspension of government and law, and of all commercial intercourse with Great Britain. The second, led by the exporting colonies of Virginia and South Carolina, advocated a non-importation agreement, a statement of American grievances, together with a petition for redress. And the third, led by the commercial colonies of Pennsylvania and New York, opposed all trade restrictions, and desired a rearrangement of the relations between the mother-country and the colonies upon some permanent basis.

When the Congress first assembled the New England delegates set to work to placate their fellow-members, and especially those of Virginia, in the hope of thus carrying their measures. The patronage was given to Virginia by the election of one of her delegates, Peyton Randolph, President, and as a further bid for her favor Rev. Jacob Duché was in effect appointed Chaplain, because the "Old Dominion" was strongly Episcopal, and the appointment of a Church of England man it was thought would please her. Nor was this bad politics, for John Adams was told that "we never were guilty of a more masterly stroke of policy" than in the New England Presbyterians thus nominating an Episcopalian.

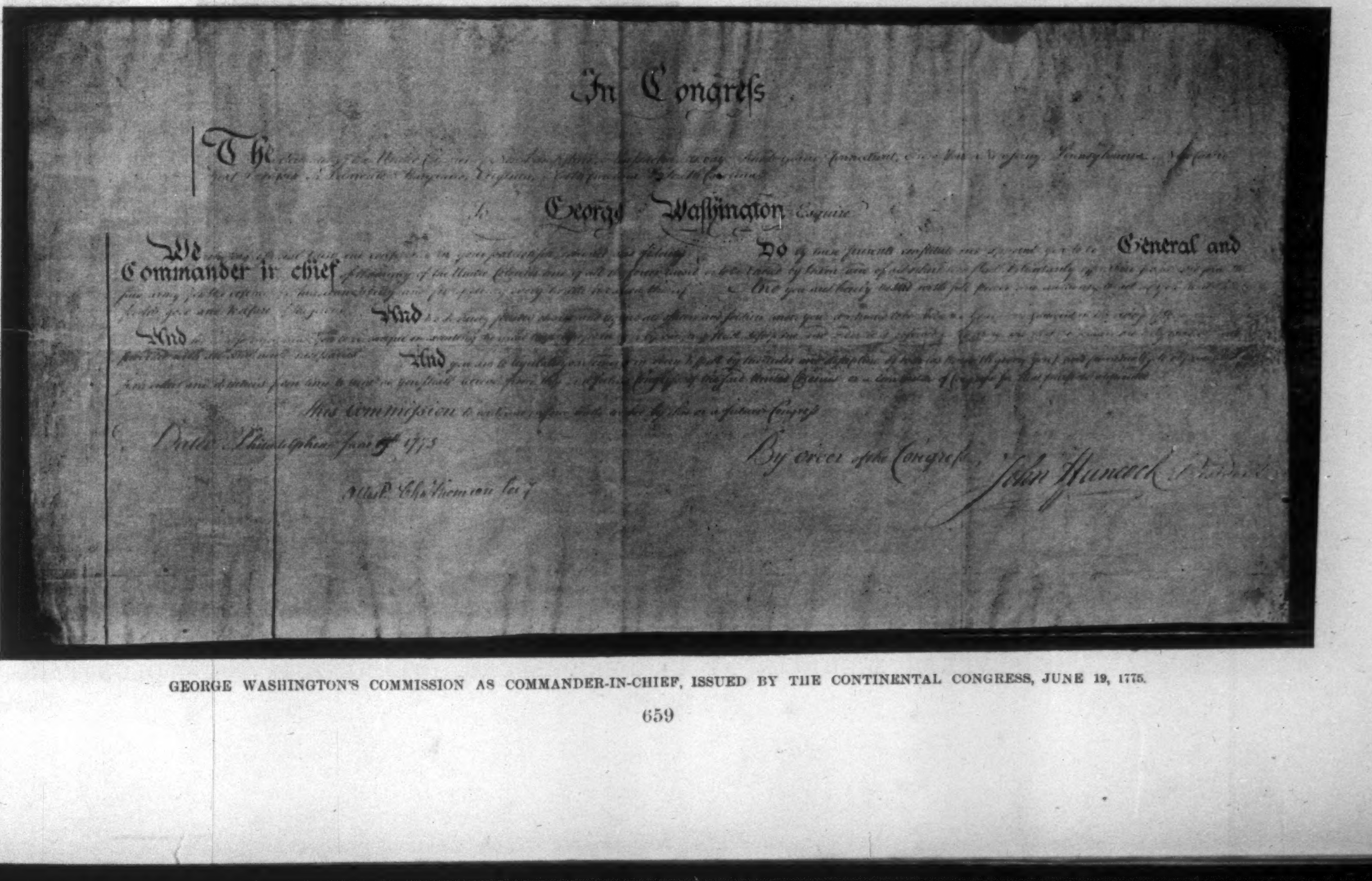
However Virginia was pleased by this conduct, she was too canny to give substantial value for mere positions of honor, and when New England brought forward her policy, she found herself alone, and the measures of the conservative colonies of New York and Pennsylvania the ones which the majority of the colonies were disposed to adopt. In this predicament, the delegates of the Middle Party—Virginia and South Carolina—were "approached," and an agreement made with them, by which, in return for special and corrupt legislation, which should benefit those two colonies, their votes were bought, and by this means the Massachusetts programme was carried, and a long step taken towards the precipitation of war. The men who engineered this "deal" were Samuel and John Adams, and the men who sold themselves were the whole Virginia delegation, delivered by Richard Henry Lee, and all the South Carolina delegates, except Christopher Gadsden. The importance of this first coalition consists in the fact that it was the basis of many another, and, years after, Jefferson claimed that "throughout the whole Revolution, Virginia and the four New England States acted together; indeed, they made the Revolution. Their five votes were always to be counted on; but they had to pick up the remaining two for a majority when and where they could."

When the second Congress met, in May, 1775, the battle of Lexington had been fought, and twenty thousand men were assembled about Boston. To pay and feed such a horde for any length of time was wholly beyond the ability of Massachusetts, and her delegates came to the Congress bent upon getting that body to assume the expense, or, as the Provincial Congress of Massachusetts naïvely phrased it, "we have the greatest Confidence in the wisdom and ability of the Continent to support us."

The other colonies saw this in a different light—Massachusetts, without our advice, has begun a war and embodied an army; let Massachusetts pay her own bills—was their point of view. "I have found this Congress like the last," wrote John Adams. "When we first came together, I found a strong jealousy of us from New England, and the Massachusetts in particular, suspicions entertained of designs of independency, an American republic, Presbyterian principles, and twenty other things. Our sentiments were heard in Congress with great caution, and seemed to make but little impression." Yet "every post brought me letters from my friends . . . urging in pathetic terms the impossibility of keeping their men together without the assistance of Congress." "I was daily urging all these things, but we were embarrassed with more than one difficulty, not only with the party in favor of the petition to the King, and the party who were zealous of independence, but a third party, which was a Southern party against a Northern, and a jealousy against a New England army under the command of a New England General."

Under these circumstances another deal was resorted to, and as the price of an adoption and support of the New England army, it was agreed by the two Adamses that the command of it should be given to Virginia, though not with over-good grace, and only because "we could carry nothing without conceding it." There was some dissension among the Virginia delegates as to who should receive the appointment, Washington himself recommending an old companion in arms, General Andrew Lewis, and "more than one," Adams states, of the Virginia delegates were "very cool about the appointment of Washington, and particularly Mr. Pendleton was very clear and full against it." Hard as it is to realize, it was only the grinding political necessity of the New England colonies which secured to Washington the place for which, in the light of to-day, he seems to have been created.

As a matter of course, there was not the strongest liking felt by the New England delegates for the General thus chosen, and this was steadily lessened by Washington's frank criticism of the New England army. Two months after his arrival in Cambridge the Commander wrote to an intimate: "The People of this government have obtained a Character which they by no means deserved—their officers generally speaking are the most indifferent kind of People I ever saw. I have already broke one Colo. and five Captains for Cowardice & for drawing more Pay & Provisions than they had Men in their Companies—there is two more Colos. now under arrest, & to be tried for the same offences—in short they are by no means such Troops, in any respect, as you are led to believe of them from the accts. which are published, but I need not make myself enemies among them, by this declaration, although it is consistent with truth. I dare say the Men would fight very well (if properly officered) although they are an exceeding dirty & nasty people." And to a member of the Continental Congress he wrote: "I have made a pretty good



In Congreſs

The

George Washington Esquire

We

Do

General and Commander in chief

And

And

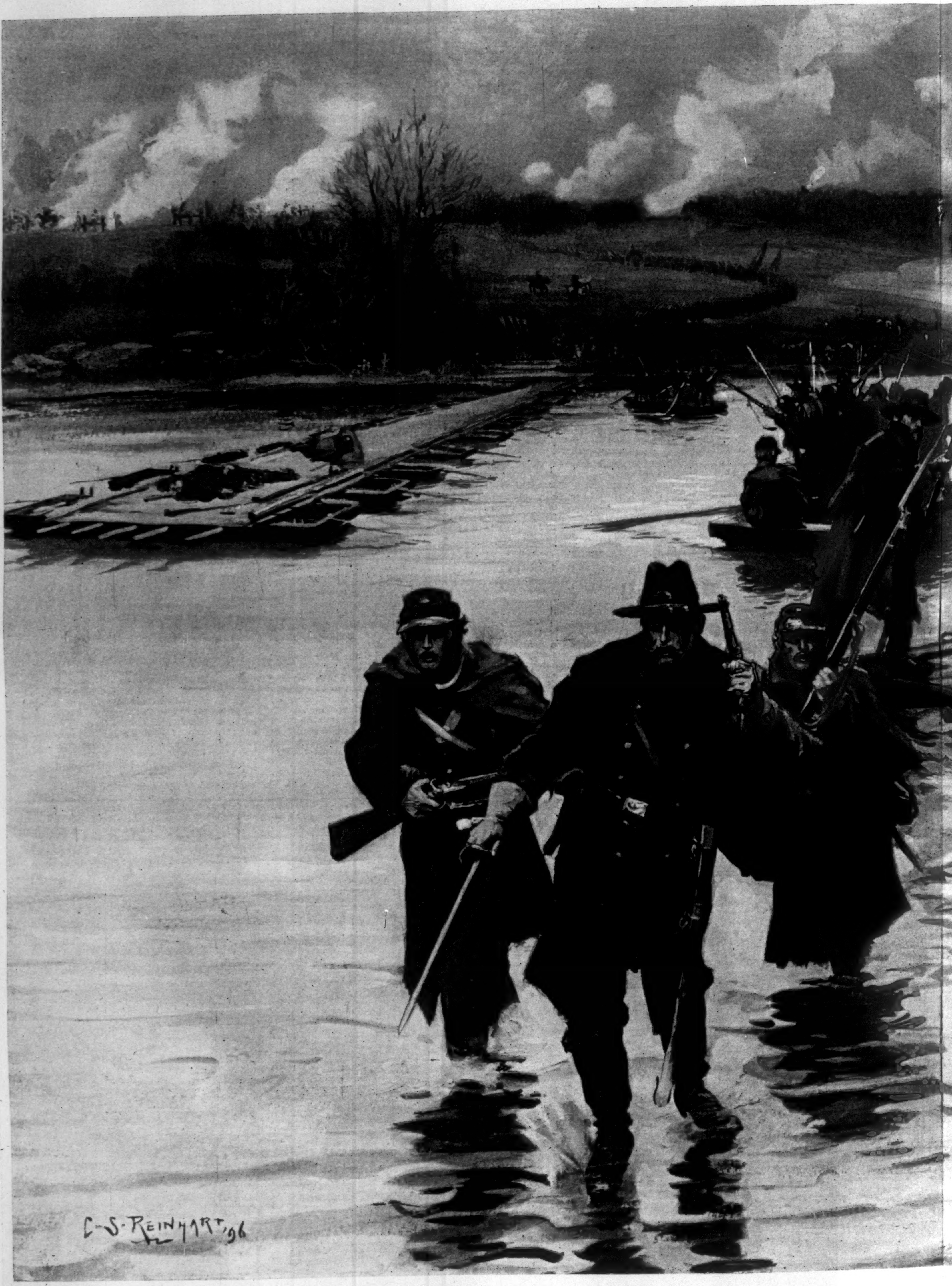
And

This Commiſsion

By order of the Congreſs

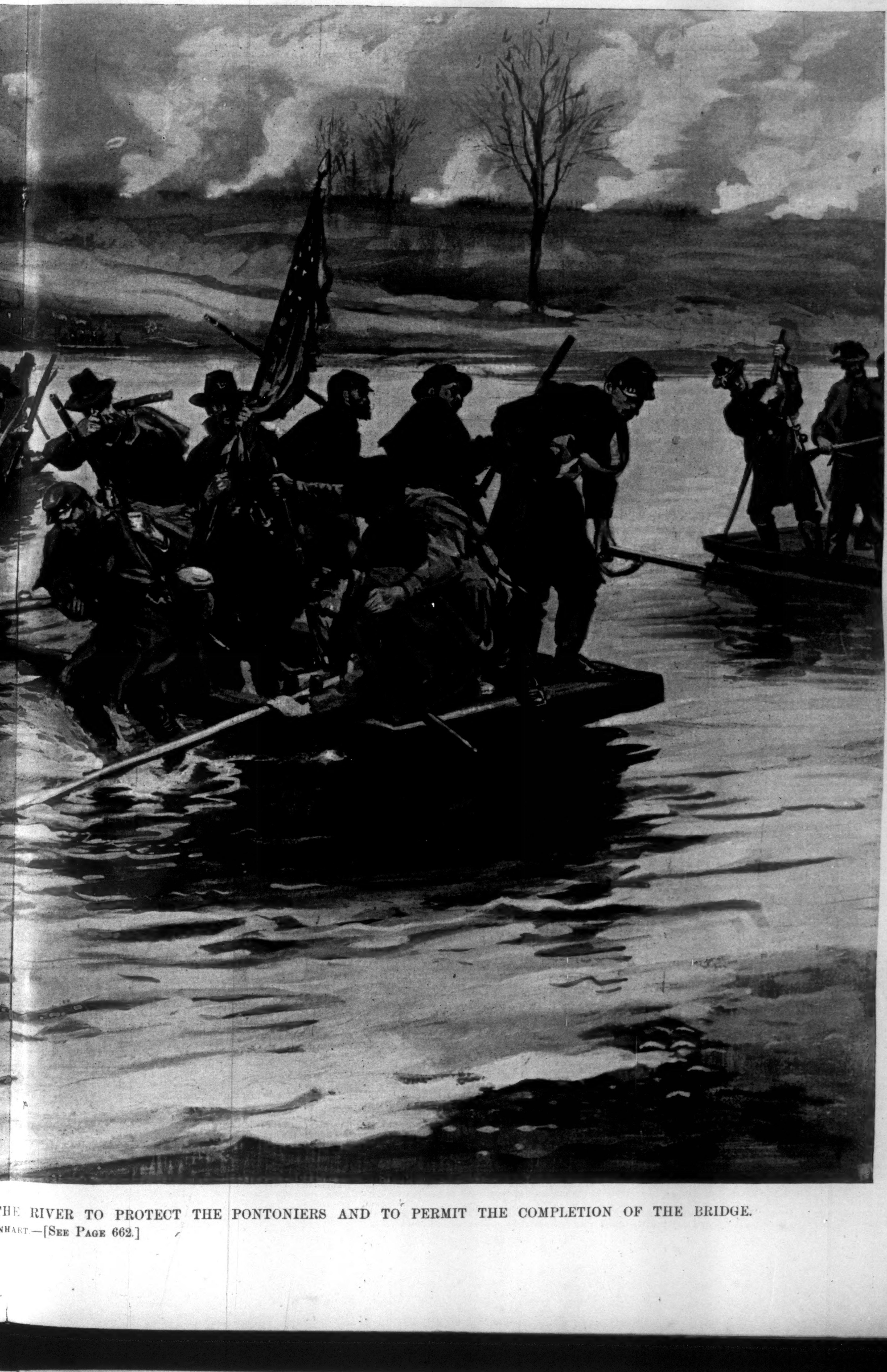
John Hancock

GEORGE WASHINGTON'S COMMISSION AS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF, ISSUED BY THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS, JUNE 19, 1775.


C-S-REINHART, '96

THE SEVENTH MICHIGAN AT FREDERICKSBURG, DECEMBER 11, 1862—VOLUNTEERS CROSSING TH

DRAWN BY C. S. REINHA



HE RIVER TO PROTECT THE PONTONIERS AND TO PERMIT THE COMPLETION OF THE BRIDGE.

NHART.—[See Page 662.]

slam among such kind of officers as the Massachusetts Government abound in, since I came to this Camp, having broke one Colo. and two Captains for cowardly behavior in the action on Bunkers Hill,—two Captains for drawing more provisions and pay than they had men in their Company—and one for being absent from his Post when the Enemy appeared there and burnt a House just by it. Besides these, I have at this time—one Colo., one Major, one Captn., & two subalterns under arrest for tryal—In short I spare none yet fear it will not do as these People seem to be too inattentive to every thing but their Interest."

Bitterer even than this to the New England delegates were two army measures Washington advocated. First, that the soldiers should be enlisted for more than a year; and second, that promotions should be drawn from the army as a whole, and not from the colony in which the particular regiment had been raised, his object being to thus secure a broader choice. As the bulk of the army was recruited in New England, her delegates wanted the patronage more than they did the better efficiency, and as Washington complained, "the Massachusetts People suffer nothing to go by them that they can lay hands on."

The logical results of Washington's complaints and advice quickly came in a serious alienation of the leading New England Congressmen. As early as December, 1775, or but six months after his taking command, a friend wrote warningly of the jealousies and ill feeling in Massachusetts towards him. The successful ending of the siege of Boston for a time checked this, but with the defeats of 1776 it once more gathered force, while, more ominous still, army rivals began to push themselves forward and curry favor with members of Congress. Finally the defeats of Washington in the campaign of 1777 and the success of Gates concentrated the opposition, and led to what is known in history as the Conway Cabal.

The story of this cabal is so involved in shadow that little is known concerning its adherents or its endeavors. But in a general way it has been discovered that the New England delegates, led once more by the two Adamses, again sought the aid of the Lee faction in Virginia, and that a coalition of these States schemed out various blows at Washington. Separate commands were created with the intention of reducing Washington from the post of Commander-in-Chief. Officers known to be wholly inimical to Washington, yet upon whom he would be compelled to rely, were promoted, with the intention, it is claimed, of forcing his resignation. A board of war of his opponents was appointed, with powers "in effect paramount to those of the Commander-in-Chief." And furthermore, it is asserted that it was even moved in Congress that a committee should be appointed to arrest Washington, which was only defeated by the timely arrival of a new delegate from New York, Gouverneur Morris, by which the balance of power was lost to the cabal. But despite their attempts Washington could not be forced into a resignation, ill-treat and slight him as they would, and at no time were they strong enough to vote him directly out of office. For once "a deal" between New England and Virginia did not succeed, and as Washington himself wrote, "I have a good deal of reason to believe that the machination of this junto will recoil on their own heads, and be a means of bringing some matters to light which by getting me out of the way some of them thought to conceal." In this he was right, for the re-elections of both Samuel Adams and Richard Henry Lee were put in danger, and for some time they were thoroughly discredited in their own colonies.

Though Washington could not be forced into a resignation, none the less the day came when he voluntarily surrendered his commission back to the congress which had given it to him, and this act closes the history of the paper. The incident is told at length in a letter of Dr. James Tilton, who wrote:

> "The General came to town last Friday, and announced his arrival, by letter, to congress, requesting to know in what manner they chose he should resign his authority, whether by private letter, or public audience. The latter was preferred without hesitation. Some etiquette being settled on Saturday, a public dinner was ordered on Monday, and the audience to be on Tuesday.
>
> "The feast on Monday was the most extraordinary I ever attended. Between two and three hundred gentlemen dined together in the ballroom. The number of cheerful voices, with the clangor of knives and forks, made a din of a very extraordinary nature, and a most delightful influence. Every man seemed to be in heaven, or so absorbed in the pleasures of imagination as to neglect the more sordid appetites, for not a soul got drunk, though there was wine in plenty, and the usual number of thirteen toasts drunk, besides one given afterwards by the General, which you ought to be acquainted with. It is as follows: 'Competent powers to congress for general purposes.'
>
> "In the evening of the same day, the Governor gave a ball at the State House. To light the rooms every window was illuminated. There the company was equally numerous, and more brilliant, consisting of ladies and gentlemen. Such was my villainous awkwardness, that I could not venture to dance on this occasion. You must therefore annex to it a cleverer idea than is to be expected from such a mortified whelp as I am.
>
> "The General danced in every set, that all the ladies might have the pleasure of dancing with him; or, as it has since been handsomely expressed, 'get a touch of him.'
>
> "Tuesday morning congress met, and took their seats in order, all covered. At twelve o'clock the General was introduced by the secretary, and seated opposite the President, until the throng that filled all the avenues were so disposed of as to behold the solemnity. The ladies occupied the gallery, as full as it would hold; the gentlemen crowded below stairs. Silence ordered by the secretary, the General rose and bowed to congress, who uncovered, but did not bow. He then delivered his speech, and at the close of it drew his commission from his bosom and handed it to the President. The President replied in a set speech; the General bowed again to congress; they uncovered, and the General retired.
>
> "After a little pause, until the company withdrew, congress adjourned. The General then stepped into the room again, bid every member farewell, and rode off from the door, intent upon eating his Christmas dinner at home.
>
> "Many of the spectators, particularly the fair ones, shed tears on this solemn and affecting occasion."

A year after resignation, Washington wrote to the Secretary of Congress: "if my commission is not necessary for the files of Congress, I should be glad to have it deposited among my own papers. It may serve my grandchildren some fifty or a hundred years hence for a theme to ruminate upon if they should be comtemplatively disposed." The Secretary replied: "with respect to your *commission*, I have to inform you, that, previous to the receipt of your letter, it had been in agitation among the members to have an order passed for returning it to you in a gold box. A motion has accordingly been made to that effect, which was received with general approbation, and referred to a committee to be drawn up in proper terms. The committee have not yet reported; but I have not the least doubt of its being returned to you in a way that will be satisfactory, and I heartily wish that this sacred deposit may be preserved by your children and children's children to the latest posterity, and may prove an incentive to them to emulate the virtues of their worthy and great progenitor." Curiously enough, this intention seems never to have been carried out, for the commission is now part of the national archives.

PAUL LEICESTER FORD.

THE AMERICAN DAISY.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

DAISY, that decks the road-side and the fields
With snow and gold through all the summer days,
Bend golden eyes upon the bard who yields
To you his song of praise.

Old England claims the Rose as queen of flowers,
Scotland the Thistle proudly holds to view,
And Ireland boasts her Shamrock; you are ours,
Type of our people you.

Killed by the ploughshare, you arise again
In the vexed furrow; 'mid the growing corn
You seek for glimpses of the sun, and then
Salute the early morn.

Fallow or cultured as may be the land,
Barren or fertile, you would have it all;
You hold the ground that spreads on every hand
As subject to your thrall.

The cardinal-flowers that o'er the brook-side blaze
Tremble at your approach; they know their fate;
They feel the ending of their pleasant days
While you remain sedate.

Strong, arrogant, and lovely you unfold,
Heeding nor wind, nor storm, nor sun, nor rain,
And with a waving sea of white and gold
You ornament the plain.

Adversity can neither check nor kill;
O'erthrown, you bid a hundred more arise,
Whose earnest and indomitable will
Beams from their golden eyes.

You march with civilization; when the axe
Has felled the mighty forests, you appear;
You follow closely on the settlers' tracks,
The toiling ones to cheer.

Wind-bent, you are not broken by the storm,
Erect as ever when the gale has past;
Your rugged rayed simplicity of form
Survives the howling blast.

Give you a foothold and the ground you fill;
They cannot stay your progress though they strive;
When parching drought brings other plants to ill,
You live and bloom and thrive.

Let those who will sing praises to some flower,
Making its beauty and its sweets the theme;
But, semblance of our country's growth and power,
The Daisy stands supreme.

THE SEVENTH MICHIGAN AT FREDERICKSBURG.

MAJOR-GENERAL BURNSIDE, in his official report of the battle of Fredericksburg, which occurred in the second week of December, 1862, said, in speaking of the difficulty of laying pontoon bridges across the Rappahannock, by means of which his army of more than 120,000 men crossed to attack Lee's army of inferior strength:

"No more difficult feat has been performed during the war than the throwing of these bridges in the face of the enemy by these brave men."

Mr. Reinhart's picture illustrates perhaps the most critical incident in the hazardous work which General Burnside declared to be the most "difficult feat" of the war up to that time. Burnside had recently been appointed to the command of the Army of the Potomac. He was determined to capture Richmond. His plan of operations had not been approved entirely by his superiors. Finally President Lincoln told him to go ahead, provided he would move quickly. He saw a possible chance for success.

Burnside's plan was to occupy Fredericksburg, and with that as a base to move against Richmond. When most of Burnside's troops arrived opposite Fredericksburg, in the latter part of November, there was only a small garrison in the town. There was great delay, owing to misunderstandings and bad roads, in the arrival of the pontoon trains, and this gave Lee opportunity to move up his army from the south, and to fortify himself on a long ridge directly back of the town. Fredericksburg lay close to the river, on a low plateau. Burnside stretched his artillery along the crests of a double range of hills opposite the town. Lee was compelled to remain in his fortifications back of the town. To come down to the river would have been almost suicidal.

Burnside made a feint of crossing the river fifteen miles below Fredericksburg, but the position of his artillery showed clearly to Lee what his plans were. On December 10 all the pontoon material was in readiness for use. Brigadier-General D. P. Woodbury was in charge of the engineering work. It was decided to lay four bridges—one a mile below the town, one at the lower end of the town, and two opposite the centre of the town. Work began on these bridges at 3 o'clock on the morning of December 11. The night was bitterly cold. A mist almost as thick as a fog enveloped the operations. A regiment of infantry supported the pontoniers of each bridge. The artillery lay behind, on the crests of the hills. Work had gone on smoothly in the darkness, but at 6 A.M. there came a check. In buildings near the river-front, behind walls and other obstructions, the Confederates had placed numerous sharp-shooters. The ravinelike character of the river-bed prevented the use of artillery by Lee to destroy the pontoon bridges. His plan was to harass the pontoniers as much as possible, but he could not hope to check them completely.

In the haze of the morning it was possible to see about 300 yards. Each of these bridges was only about 400 feet long. The bridge a mile below the town was finished early in the morning, after a slight suspension of work caused by an attack by the Confederates. The bridge at the lower end of the town and one of those opposite the centre were each about two-thirds finished at six o'clock, when the Confederates began a raking fire on the unarmed men at work anchoring the pontoons and laying the flooring. The men were compelled to leave. General Woodbury, in speaking of this necessity, said, later:

"It is generally considered a brave feat to cross a bridge of any length under fire, although the danger may not last more than a minute or two. How much more difficult to build a bridge, exposed for hours to the same murderous fire, the danger increasing as the bridge is extended!"

The fog was so dense that the artillery on the hills could not silence the fire of the sharp-shooters, who were practically secure in their shelters, one of which was a loop-holed block-house, only a few yards from the spot where one of the upper bridges was to end. One captain was killed and two wounded in that daybreak fire of the Confederate sharp-shooters. Burnside was behind his schedule time. Only one of the four pontoon bridges was in working order. Every hour's delay gave Lee an advantage in forming plans to repel an attack. At ten o'clock volunteers were called for to finish the work on one of the upper bridges. Eighty men from a Connecticut regiment responded. One-half of them were held in reserve, and the others detailed to finish the bridge-work. Several of these were shot down as soon as they set foot on the bridge; and then all refused to work further, much to General Woodbury's chagrin.

Soon after noon the fog cleared, and the heavy fire of Burnside's artillery soon checked the attacks of the Confederate sharp-shooters, and silenced most of them. Several of their shelters, however, were not damaged at all, and in these the Confederates remained active until the last. At three o'clock in the afternoon, in accordance with the advice of General Hunt, chief of artillery, preparations were made to send landing parties over the river in pontoons to try to capture the remaining sharp-shooters. About 120 men from Hall's brigade, the Seventh Michigan Volunteers, assisted by the Fiftieth New York Volunteers, were assigned to do the work. It was certain death for some of the men—how many could not even be guessed. The river was full of floating ice; the air was cold and damp; the men were disheartened. Lieutenant Robbins, of the Fiftieth New York, was in command of the first boat. The men of the New York regiment co-operated with the Michigan men. One of the oarsmen in the first boat was shot down almost at the start. Robbins and the others pushed on, sprang out into the water, and sought temporary cover. Other boats followed in quick succession, and although some one was either killed or wounded in each boat, the landing party was soon formed. It rushed forward to the refuge places of the Confederates, taking many of them prisoners. The bridge was soon completed. Soon afterward the bridge at the lower end of the town was completed in the same way, and the sharp-shooters of the enemy who remained were captured. The loss had been seven killed and forty-three wounded in the work. Lieutenant Robbins, the leader of the first landing party, received conspicuous mention for his bravery. It is the landing of this first party that Mr. Reinhart's picture illustrates.

The bridges were finished that day, but it was not until forty-eight hours after they were begun that Burnside crossed them, hoping to begin his march to Richmond. In two days more his army, beaten, but not entirely demoralized, crossed them again. Delay had again caused a defeat for the losing but courageous Army of the Potomac.

THE SPIRIT WORLD IN 1896.

WE have heard comparatively little lately from the various societies for psychical research, and there seems to be a temporary lull in the activity of the hypnotists; but the theosophists, who are far superior in knowledge of the "unknown" to these people, whose mahatmas know all that is in creation, all that has been, and pretty much all that will be, have had some interesting proceedings, and the year 1896 has, thus far, had its full complement of ghost stories. The unseen but noisy spooks in Silverton Abbey have received many columns of careful attention in the English newspapers, and are still unlaid. In Seabrooke, New Hampshire, the face of the first wife of a recently deceased farmer appeared suddenly upon the tombstone erected to his memory, much to the annoyance of his second wife, who was doubtless looking forward to a peaceful widowhood. In one of the many Italian settlements in the heart of New York city the face of the Virgin Mary, crowned with a halo, appears at an upper window of a partly deserted house, and the omen thrills even the policemen on the beat.

These visions and visitations are all authenticated by "responsible persons," as ghost stories always are. But they are still less worthy of credence than the long and informing letter dictated to a medium by the spirit of a physician who was killed in a street accident. His widow firmly believes in the authenticity of this document, and she ought to know. The letter is as verbose and platitudinous as such communications generally are, but it is important because of its direct contradiction of the most cherished belief of the theosophists and their mahatmas. They cling to the Brahma-Buddhist doctrine of reincarnation. The souls of men are used over and over again in the processes of creation, and are housed according to their value. When two members of the society were recently married by a veiled mahatma, it was expressly stated that they had known and loved each other 5000 years before; and a little girl, who delivered an address to the embassy starting upon an around-the-world mission of enlightenment, remarked that while her body was young, her soul was very old indeed.

Now this physician's soul, the moment it realized that it had been separated from the body, found itself in company with the souls of the physician's deceased children, his parents, his wife's parents, their grandparents, and ancestors for many generations. Here were these spirits, evidently with no work on hand, unattached, loitering about on earth for no other purpose, as we can see, except to disprove the doctrine of reincarnation.

The most curious fact about real ghost stories—those, we mean, in which a certain number of sentient human beings are known to believe—is that they are invariably much less thrilling and interesting than the purely imaginary tales of writers of fiction, just as the doings of the trance mediums and the occasional performances of the mahatmas are not nearly so clever and mystifying as the neat tricks of the professional "magicians" of the stage, who bewilder you for your entertainment.

AQUARELLE.

A **moorland** margin of the sea
With gypsy roses overrun;
Above it all a blue sky free,
Where walks the golden sun.

Gray rocks, and dunes of silver sand:
Beyond,—one sail of purple shows;
And drowsily across the land
The pine's fresh fragrance blows.

Here is the paradise of rest,
Of peace the pinnacle supreme:
Lie down upon the earth's warm breast
And yield you to her dream!

Frank Dempster Sherman.

A LESSON IN REPORTING.

The Old Reporter sat at his desk at midnight, clipping his work out of a file of the Sunday edition with a big pair of shears. The Young Reporter, who had just turned in his account of "The Day at the Beaches—Bath Beach," stopped and gazed with envious eyes at the pile of clippings as it grew under the Old Reporter's skilful scissoring.

"So that was *your* story, was it?" exclaimed the Young Reporter, as a half-column slip came fluttering down. "Well, that accounts for it. Nobody but a man with a pull like yours could have got that yarn past old Crofton."

"Which yarn?" queried the Old Reporter.

"Oh, that fake about the bicyclist who always carried a lot of spare ball-bearings around with him, and was going somewhere with a shot-gun, and was attacked by a bear, and loaded the ball-bearings into his shot-gun and killed the bear. I don't wonder that people distrust the newspapers if men of your standing in the profession are willing to write stuff like that for the sake of the few paltry dollars it will bring in. Can't you see that it is just such things as this that are making journalism a byword and a reproach?"

The Young Reporter was very much in earnest, as from afar his eye followed the relentless course of the copy-reader's blue pencil through his carefully prepared copy—"manuscript," he called it.

"My young friend," said the Old Reporter, "I admire your enthusiasm, and I approve your sentiments. It is just such a spirit as yours among the best of the younger men that will always tend to raise higher and higher the already lofty standard of what you are pleased to call journalism. There are, however, certain of your statements to which I take exception. In the first place, journalism is not a profession; it is a trade, or a business. In the second place, I am not a journalist; I'm a reporter. In the third place, as to the paltry dollars, I'm not in the business for my health, nor for any other consideration than that which actuates men in other kinds of business.

"As to the story of which you complain, it is a fake, as you say; I confess it. But perhaps when you hear the true version of it you will think I was justified in making the changes that I did, and you will learn that it is not so much the things which a man puts in as the things which he leaves out that make the successful reporter.

"This is what really happened:

"The man's name was O'Grady, and he lived in Troy. He had borrowed a bicycle to go on a hunting trip through New England. He had a shot-gun. This he carried slung to the frame in the manner adopted by military cyclists. But he had no luck. He travelled as far as Claremont, New Hampshire, without bagging so much as a robin. This filled him with disappointment, which he did not like, so he proceeded to substitute for it whiskey, which he did like.

"While he was in this frame of mind darkness overtook him, a few miles out of the little village of Newport. The road was rough, and lay through thick woods.

"Suddenly O'Grady was horrified to see a large animal come out from the bushes by the road-side. A moment's glance was sufficient to convince him that he was confronted by a bear of unusual dimensions. He was startled, but not surprised, as he had been informed by a number of the leading citizens of Newport, whom he had met at the tavern, that at least several bears had been committing depredations recently in the neighborhood.

"O'Grady was a quick thinker, and like a flash he thought he would stop. With O'Grady to think was to act, and he applied the brake with such force that he was enabled to dismount without assistance over the handle-bars. While he was still in the air he remembered that he had left his shot-gun strapped to his machine. So the instant he landed he ran back to get it.

"He rapidly undid the fastenings, though he realized too well that the bird-shot with which his fowling-piece was loaded would offer but an inadequate obstacle to the onslaught of bruin, which continued to approach him, uttering weird cries.

"He wished that he had brought some rifle-balls for just such an emergency. Then, like lightning, the association of the two ideas of 'balls' and 'bears' made him think of the ball-bearings of the bicycle. In a second he had his wrench out and the fork off, and was ramming sixteen finest tool steel balls down on the charge, with a bit of tire tape for a wad.

"Not an instant too soon. The bear was now close upon him, and throwing his piece to his shoulder, O'Grady took hasty aim and fired. To his unspeakable relief, the shots took effect, and with a plaintive 'Moo' the bear fell to the ground. At the same moment a light flashed out from a window to his right, and O'Grady saw that his adventure had taken place directly in front of a large farm-house sheltered by some noble elms. A second glance revealed the fact that what he had in the excitement of the moment mistaken for a bear was a fine Holstein heifer, which was tethered to the hitching-post with a long rope.

"The sounds of men's voices, and the barking of a number of dogs, which followed closely upon the sound of the shot and the appearance of the light, caused O'Grady to think that he had better be getting along to some place from which he could send his explanations by mail.

"Only two methods of escape occurred to him—one way was on foot and the other by bicycle. But on foot he would be too nearly on even terms with possible pursuers, and it was obviously not possible to ride his bicycle without its ball-bearings. With rare presence of mind, O'Grady whipped out his knife, and rushing to the dead heifer, found that all sixteen shots had taken effect in the animal's heart. With a few dexterous cuts he removed that organ entire, and hurried back to his wheel, extracting the balls as he ran. Quickly replacing them, he re-adjusted the fork, reslung his gun, mounted his machine, and was off, just as an excited group of farmers appeared upon the scene. Fortunately an angry dispute between two of the men, as to whether the one who had just sold the heifer or the one who had just bought it should bear the loss and follow the bovicide, enabled O'Grady to get a start that soon placed him out of harm's reach."

The Old Reporter stopped talking.

The Young Reporter looked at him with respect. "I did you an injustice," he said. "I think you were perfectly right to tone the story down." **Walker Aken.**

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN WHIST.

BY "CAVENDISH."

The general principles of whist play are practically the same the world over. But in different countries there are various methods of scoring. It is the object of this paper to point out the main differences between the English and the American methods of play.

In England the usual mode of scoring is by *rubbers*. The players who first win two games of five up win the rubber. If each side wins a game, a third is played by way of conqueror.

The scoring of each game is by *points*. Thus the winners gain a *treble*, which reckons three points, if they score five and there is no adverse score. They gain a *double*, which reckons two points, if the adversaries score one or two to five. And, similarly, if three or four are scored to five, the winners gain a *single*, which reckons one point.

If a third game is played, the value of the loser's game in points is deducted from those won by the opponents. And further, the winners of two games add two points (called the *rubber points*) to their score.

For example: North and South win the first game, a double. East and West win the second game, a single; they also win the third game, a double. East and West win a single and *the rub* (as it is familiarly called). Total, three points.

To American ears this may seem unnecessarily complicated, and so, indeed, it is. But habit soon accustoms players to reckon points with scarcely an effort.

Now to turn to the American game. There is no rubber, and there are no points; hence the score is greatly simplified. *Games* are played, seven up (or sometimes five up), and whichever side first scores seven (or five, as the case may be) wins the game.

By abolishing the rubber the Americans have unquestionably conferred a boon on whist-players. But by abolishing points the Americans have, in the writer's opinion, injured the game. The number of points won or lost is a test of skill. At straight whist, as matters now stand, the number of games won or lost is the test. And according to the American system it is quite easy to decide on points. All that is required is to keep a record of tricks, every trick above six scoring one point.

The next matter of difference between English and American whist is in the scoring of honors. At the English game (five up) four honors (ace, king, queen, knave of trumps) reckon four, and three honors reckon two. This of course is monstrous, as it often converts a game of skill into one of chance. It evidently struck American whist-players that there is no sense in presenting the fortunate holders of sure trick-winning cards with a portion of the game. From this view, taken by itself, the American scheme of omitting the count of honors is unassailable, when a game of five or seven up is played. There is, however, something to be said in defence of honors when rubbers are played, viz., that the honor score tends to shorten the time candidates have to wait before they can cut in.

There is next to be considered the subject of duplicate whist, which is hardly ever played in England. There can be no doubt that duplicate whist, in which the hands are replayed, brings the best teams to the front. It is, therefore, admirably adapted to the plan, usual in the United States, of playing club against club, or all comers against all comers, in order to determine the most skilful teams. Such a method of play has not found favor in England, as matches of the above character are there practically unknown. Moreover, for social purposes duplicate is not to be recommended, at least in the writer's opinion, on account of the mental strain involved. In league clubs, however, the excitement attending the contests is such that the members are anxious to send teams worthily representing their body. Hence they practise continually at duplicate, keeping a record, and weeding out the indifferent players. The result is that at the annual Congress of the American Whist League picked players are assembled from all parts of the United States to contend for the handsome trophies offered. It is evident that to have a chance of carrying off a prize at such a meeting the contestants must be in first-class fettle, and must have had much duplicate practice with the partners assigned to their teams.

The severity of this practice and training is too great to be accepted by any but "cranks." For this reason it is submitted that for ordinary purposes of recreation straight whist is to be preferred to duplicate; for match play the "cranks" are forced into duplicate or they have to take back seats in the matter of trophies.

The tactics of duplicate as differentiated from those of straight call for a few words. At duplicate every hand is played for all it is worth; there is no playing to the score, as at straight; and in this particular duplicate is at a disadvantage. On the other hand, it must be allowed that duplicate has an advantage—and a considerable advantage to two good players as partners—in that hands are never thrown down, but are always played out to the end. The adoption of the unblocking game, memorizing the dregs of suits and the position of unplayed cards, then become important factors, too often lost when the score has to be played to. So, on the whole, it is difficult to say whether straight or duplicate is the more interesting to very skilled players. But this is certain, that straight is a game which involves less strain than duplicate; therefore, in the opinion of the writer, it should be played to the exclusion of duplicate when mere relaxation is sought.

The play at straight and duplicate differs slightly. At duplicate, as every hand is played out, the original leader should be rather more forward in trump leads than at straight. Thus, when the original leader has a hand with which he is in doubt whether to lead a trump at straight, he should generally lead the trump at duplicate.

There are also two minor points of play which deserve consideration in this connection. One is the original lead, in plain suits, from ace and four small cards. English players lead ace; a number of first-class American players lead small. This difference can be easily accounted for. It is duplicate *versus* straight. Scarcely any one will argue that, at straight, played five up, and counting honors (the English game), the ace is not the correct original lead. There is one exception—viz., with a hand just not strong enough to lead a trump unless partner is able to assist in the ace suit; it is then sometimes advisable to begin with a small card of that suit as a feeler. With such hands, at duplicate, it would generally be the better play to lead a trump originally. Hence it seems only reasonable, when trump is not led at the English game, to open with the plain-suit ace. This proposition is advanced with some diffidence, the writer being aware that a considerable section of American players of judgment and experience prefer the lead of small, from ace and four small, even when weak in trumps. The case may be epigrammatically stated thus: When you are not strong enough to lead a trump, you are weak enough to lead the plain-suit ace.

The other point of play to which attention is drawn is the best opening lead from king, knave, ten suits, accompanied by one or more small cards. The question is, Should the ten or a small card be led? The advantage of the small-card lead is that it very much simplifies original leads from high cards, and renders it easy to draw immediate and correct inference from them. The disadvantage is that a small card may lose the first trick to the nine or a lower card.

The general rule of play which obtains when leading high combinations is to select a card which will leave the leader with the winning card of his suit on the second or third round. This is not invariable but general. Now if ten is led from king, knave, ten, etc., the third high card must become a winner. If small is led, the first, second, and third tricks in the suit may be won by the adversaries. Subject, then, to various considerations, which are too lengthy for analysis here, in the opinion of the writer the ten is the better card to open with.

It must not be supposed that in expressing this view there is any intention of attempting to settle a vexed question off-hand. The king, knave, ten lead has been a disputed point ever since whist began to take its present form. It will probably require a very long series of experiments, even from now, to decide the best lead. How it will be decided it is not for the writer to predict, he being satisfied that it is a trick-loser to prophesy unless you know.

AMERICAN WHIST DEVELOPMENTS.

About ten or twelve years ago the American people seemed to have awakened to the fact that there was such a game as scientific whist. It soon sprang into general favor, and the interest in the pastime grew and expanded, until it culminated in the convening of the First American Whist Congress in 1891, followed by the organization of the American Whist League, the enactment and adoption of an excellent code of laws, and the monthly publication of an ably edited journal devoted to the interest of the game.

As was to be expected from their progressive and inventive turn of mind, our countrymen, as soon as they began to take an interest in the game, set to work to improve it, with what success it shall be my present aim to show.

Before the revival of whist, American Leads and the Sub-echo, which originated in this country, were already integral parts of the game, and I shall dismiss them with the passing remark that after an experience of fourteen years, and for reasons which the limits of this article do not permit me to set forth, I cannot agree with "Cavendish" in the modification of American Leads adopted by him of following the ace with fourth-best remaining in hand, and that I still adhere to the follow with original fourth-best as formulated when those Leads were first introduced; in which position I am pleased to say that I am sustained by so able a writer as Mr. C. D. P. Hamilton, after a thorough analysis of the subject, published by him in *Whist*. The question will lose much of any importance it may have if in the future the fourth-best is to be generally led from ace, four or more small.

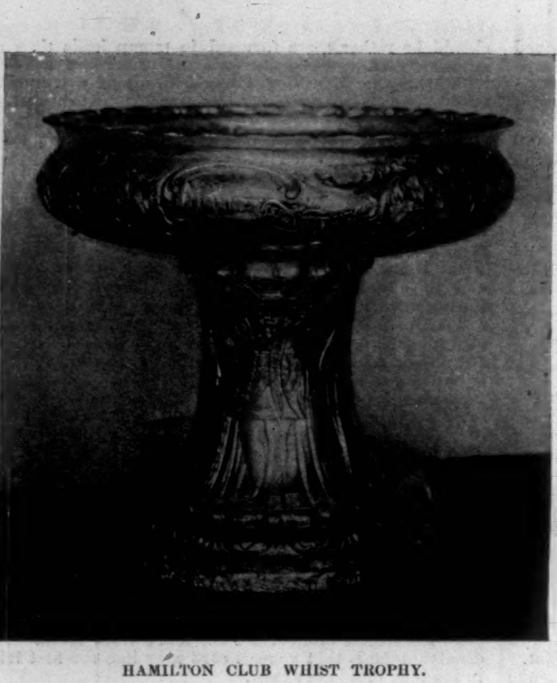
The more modern American whist developments or innovations may be divided into two classes:

I. Entirely new plays, such as the irregular opening lead to demand a trump from partner through a turned-up honor; the four-trumps signal and other methods of showing strength in trumps; the echo with high cards; the three-echo; the signal of holding command of a suit when trumps are out; various new modes of discarding, etc.

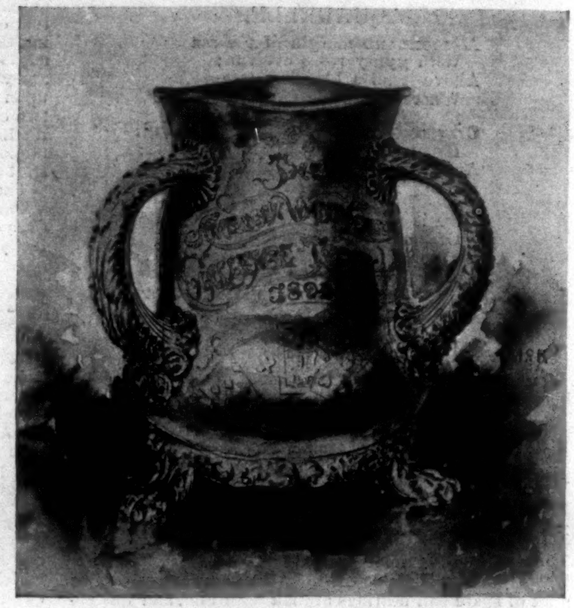
II. Modifications in the heretofore recognized leads, viz., The fourth-best from suits of more than four cards headed by the ace, without the king or both queen and jack. The fourth-best from the king, jack, ten combination. The ten from the queen, jack, ten combination.

Upon examination of the various innovations coming under Class I. it will be observed that many of them are based upon pure conventions, which *prima facie* is an objection, as heretofore all accepted developments of the game have been founded on some principle or extension of principle. This being apparently the natural order of whist evolution, it may be possible that all rules of play not founded as above are inherently unsound, and therefore cannot stand the test of experience. At any rate, the whist fabric erected entirely on principles ought to stand on a higher plane, from a scientific point of view, than the one resting on a foundation of mingled principles and pure conventions.

The lead of an irregular card as a call for a trump, through a turned-up honor, appears to be based on whist logic. An advanced player does not originally lead strengthening cards, preferring to open from four trumps if holding three cards in each of the plain suits. Now when he makes such an exceptional lead, his partner, seeking for a reason, naturally comes to the conclusion that the turned-up honor is the deterring factor, and consequently that a lead through it would be a favorable line of play. This principle once established, the simu-



HAMILTON CLUB WHIST TROPHY.



AMERICAN WHIST LEAGUE CHALLENGE TROPHY.

lated lead of a supporting card from the middle of a long suit follows in course. This mode of play is now under trial, with the probable verdict that it is advantageous with a long plain suit and only four trumps, but that with five it is generally better to let the honor go, lest the adversaries get in some of their trumps whilst the effort is being made to capture it.

The various schemes for showing four trumps by the four-signal, by changing the usual order of the cards in leading, and by the original lead of a high card from a short suit will not, it is safe to predict, prove successful in the majority of cases. This showing of strength in trumps is, of course, an advantage when partner has such a good hand as will justify an immediate trump lead; but it is two to one that he will not hold such cards, and in that case it is hard to imagine a more helpless position for the two partners to be in. If their hands are not slaughtered it is because their adversaries are not players of a calibre to take advantage of the information that one of the opponents is strong in trumps, with probably no very good plain suit, and that the other has so weak a hand that he dare not lead trumps after his partner has declared strength in them. The call for trumps is not a parallel case, as it is a command to partner for a trump lead and a generally aggressive game.

The advantage of echoing by playing ace, then king, has long been apparent, but the method was not for some time extended to the other high cards, because when the trick was won by fourth hand the next lowest card was positively denied by third player, thus seriously affecting the trump leader's management of his hand. One day the simple solution of the question flashed upon me, and that was to extend the inference. The advantage of the play being admitted, and it being therefore adopted, the consequent inference follows that third hand may hold the next lowest as well as the next highest card to the one played by him. This mode of echoing was the subject of an article published by me in the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* in March, 1894.

The Three-Echo, as explained by Mr. Work in his very interesting and instructive *Whist of To-day*, is the showing of three trumps by echoing in the trump suit, beginning the echo with the second-best card, and playing the third-best next, in order that in case of the holding of four trumps it might be indicated by the small card absent from the number played. The play of false cards, which is good whist strategy on adverse trump leads, will render this scheme almost nugatory as far as the showing of four trumps is concerned. Therefore it is a question whether this mode of play will prove to be of greater advantage than the present regular four-trump echo and sub-echo. Practical test can alone decide it.

When trumps are out, what is the meaning of a signal similar to the call? Some American players employ it to indicate command of the suit; others use it in the sense given to it by its originator, General Drayson, viz., to change the suit. The latter signification appears to me to be the better one, as you can thereby give positive directions to your partner to change or continue the suit without reference to your strength or weakness therein, for positions sometimes occur where this is advisable. Under the American signification of the play, in order to accomplish the same end you have to make pretence of holding or not holding the best card of the suit, because your partner's play is governed by inference and not by positive direction as under the Drayson rule.

New schemes for discarding—one of them of the fantastical order—have been proposed, but none of them appear to be improvements on the old system, which is based on sound principles and works well enough if you bear in mind that the discard is not a command from partner to play a certain suit. Inferentially you get the information that he is weak or strong in some particular suit, and it is for you to exercise a little judgment as to which one it is better to lead from under the existing conditions of the hand.

The lead of the fourth-best from the above-mentioned long ace suit was first practised in this country by the celebrated Minneapolis whist team, who consider it an improvement on the old lead, and upon their high recommendation it is being extensively tried, and is gradually finding favor. Mr. Whitfield of England has applied his great mathematical attainments to the investigation of the matter, and has made an exhaustive analysis of the question, published in the London *Field*, by which he works out a trifling advantage in favor of the fourth-best; still he recommends adherence to the old lead of the ace. I have been trying the new play for about a year, and so far am well pleased with it, and if it is about an even thing between the two rules of play, as Mr. Whitfield makes it out, then I give preference to the fourth-best, as affording greater scope for interesting play, such as finessing or passing second trick as the best or only chance of bringing in the remainder of the suit with the ace on the third round.

EUGENE S. ELLIOTT,
Ex-President and "Father and Founder" of the American Whist League.

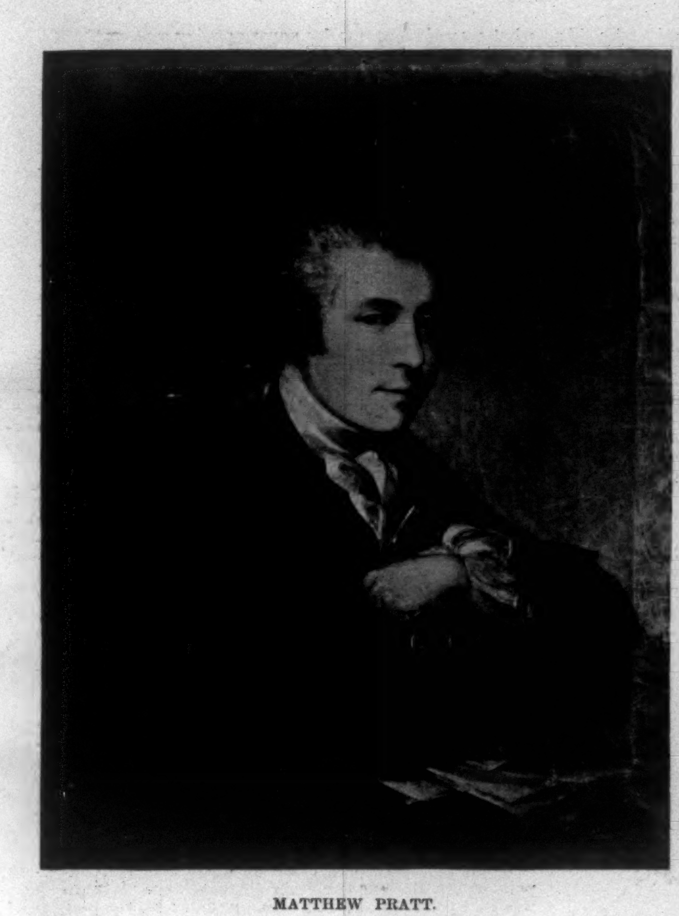
Another recommended innovation is the lead of the fourth-best from the king, jack, ten combination. The object of this change is to allow the ten to be led from queen, jack, ten, and thus avoid the present dual signification of the queen lead, for it can be demonstrated that the two ten leads cannot coexist without disadvantage, therefore the fate of the new ten lead will depend upon the retention or suppression of the old one, and no separate consideration of the question will be required. The old ten lead, which is mentioned by Matthews, and has therefore stood the test of about a century's experience, should not be lightly abandoned, especially as no convincing reasons have been advanced for its suppression. Mr. Work, who is championing the new lead, after alleging that the only argument that can be used in favor of the retention of the old lead is that it is necessary for the purpose of forcing a high card to take the trick, goes on to say, "It is hard to understand, however, why it is more necessary for the purpose of forcing a high card to lead ten from king, jack, ten than from ace, jack, ten, as the latter is the stronger suit." It is precisely this superior strength of the last-mentioned combination which makes the difference. Only half the case is stated when it is argued that the only object of the lead of the ten is to force a high card. It is the consequence of allowing the opponents to take the first trick which is to be feared, with the possible disastrous result of the loss of the king or the failure to establish the suit on the third round. No such contingency can arise with the ace, jack, ten combination.

Mr. Work also urges as an argument that it will be admitted by all that the information the old lead gives is far more valuable to the opponent than to partner. This is a proposition which many whist-players, myself included, cannot endorse, as it is contrary to our experience and to the generally entertained opinion that any information as regards your strong suit is more valuable to your partner than to your opponents. Whist cannot be played without giving information. Were it otherwise, the game would lose its chief attraction, which is the striving by each player to make the most of the information imparted alike to friend and foe. In trumps, however, with only four in suit, I consider the small card the better lead, as it may be of great importance to command the suit on the fourth round, and thus have the power of extracting the last trumps from the antagonists.

In conclusion, let me caution whist-players not hastily to adopt every innovation which they may see in print. Even some of the most plausible ones will not bear the scrutiny of a thorough examination, or the test of actual practice. They tend by their multiplicity to discourage those who wish to learn the game, and they impose an additional burden on teams engaged in match play, who will have to be acquainted with all the fads of their opponents in order successfully to meet them; not that they have any intrinsic merit, but when not thoroughly understood they carry with them all the advantages of private signals.

N. B. TRIST.

BROOKLYN WHIST CLUB.



MATTHEW PRATT.
From the original Painting by himself.

A LIMNER OF COLONIAL DAYS.

BY CHARLES HENRY HART.

THERE can be plainly recognized to-day a steadily growing interest in American art and in its history. This is very gratifying to those who have been in the vanguard striving to arouse it. The exhibition of the works of Gilbert Stuart at the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, in 1880, the Historical Portrait Exhibition at the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia, in 1887, the Washington Memorial Collection exhibited in New York in 1889, and the Retrospective Art Exhibition at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, together with the sumptuously issued biographies of Stuart, Washington Allston, and Durand, capped by the loan collection of pictures by early American painters at the Metropolitan Museum of Art during the present year, are earnests that it is a living interest, which has come to stay, and will not be allowed to lapse into desuetude.

Its invigorating influence is shown in no small degree by the conservative owners of old family portraits. A few years ago their venerable ancestors could look down upon them only through the medium of a Reynolds, a Kneller, or a Lely, without the least regard to chronology or life-long distance between putative painter and sitter. To-day, with perhaps little better respect for time and place, these same ancestors are from the easels of Smibert or Copley, West or Peale, Stuart or Trumbull, while all the former Cosway miniatures are now by Malbone. We may smile at the change, but it shows a healthy stimulus.

The story about to be narrated is of one of our early painters, whose works upon many walls are attributed to other hands. It is occasioned by the hanging recently in the Metropolitan Museum of a very remarkable picture, painted by an American artist, Matthew Pratt, a century and a third ago. His name is strangely unfamiliar where it should be well known, and scores of ancestral portraits, at least among those in the Middle States, cherished as the work of John Singleton Copley, or of others equally noted, came doubtless from the easel of Pratt. He was not a Reynolds or a Gainsborough, but he was easily the peer in portraiture of Allan Ramsay and Richard Wilson, or of the American-Britishers Copley and West, and in some respects their superior. His portraits show character and nice discrimination in temperaments, with a refined feeling for color and a knowledge of values beyond most of his contemporaries. His posing may be somewhat artificial, as was the taste of the period, but his modelling is delicate, while well accentuated, and his drawing careful and correct. His career is naturally as unknown as his name; but from some musty manuscripts he left behind him I shall endeavor to place this limner of colonial days where he justly belongs in American art.

Matthew Pratt was born in Philadelphia, September 23, 1734. His forebears came from London, and his father, Henry Pratt, goldsmith, was a friend of Franklin, and a charter member of Franklin's library company, founded in 1731. He married Rebecca Claypoole, whose great-uncle, John Claypoole, had married Elizabeth, daughter of Oliver Cromwell. Matthew was their fourth child. He early showed an inclination for drawing, which was fostered by his uncle, James Claypoole, "limner and painter in general," to whom he was apprenticed at the age of fifteen, and from whom, to use his own language, "I learned all the different branches of the painting business, particularly portrait-painting, which was my favorite study from ten years of age." This is all that we know of James Claypoole as an artist, any works that he may have left being unidentified; but he must have possessed no insignificant knowledge of art to have grounded his pupil so well.

On attaining his majority Pratt writes, "I set my trade up in company with Francis Foster, and followed it till the month of October, 1757, when I left him to carry my trade on in my absence, while I went a trading voyage to Jamaica." These references to his learning "all the different branches of the painting business," and leaving his partner to carry his trade on in his absence, do not speak very encouragingly for the state of the arts in the colonies at that time. It must have been at about this period, however, that he painted a portrait of his father's friend, Benjamin Franklin, which is particularly interesting from the fact that it is the earliest authenticated portrait of the great philosopher that we know.

Early the next year Pratt returned to Philadelphia and "began to practise portrait-painting, and met with great encouragement, having full employ, and, much to my satisfaction, making money fast, with the approbation of every employer." On August 26, 1760, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Moore, with whom he "received some money, and household furniture complete to begin housekeeping."

This same year Benjamin West, who was Pratt's junior by four years, left his native land to study art in Rome. Before leaving he had plighted his troth to Elizabeth Shewell, whose uncle had married Pratt's aunt. Four years later, when the future President of the Royal Academy had taken up his permanent residence in London, he exacted from his betrothed the fulfilment of her plight, and in June of 1764 she sailed for London, under the protection of Pratt, who, on September 2, at St.-Martin's-on-the-Strand, gave her in marriage to West. For two years and a half Pratt lived with them, and was West's first pupil.

It was at this time that he painted the important composition entitled "The American School," which has remained in the possession of his descendants until recently acquired by Mr. Avery, who has placed it in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, where it should serve as a nucleus for a permanent collection of the works of the earlier American painters. The canvas, 36 × 50, is signed "M. Pratt, 1765," and was exhibited the following year in London, at the seventh exhibition of the old Spring Gardens. It is a representation of West's studio, with the artist instructing his pupils, but who the subjects are, other than West, who wears his hat, and Pratt, who is showing to him a drawing, we do not know. The one at the easel is probably Abraham Delanoy, of New York, who is said to have been with West at that time. But the date of the canvas is too early for Peale or Stuart, or Trumbull or Wright, the most famous of the Americans who profited by West's advice. The picture is extremely well executed, and shows the precision of no tyro hand. The arrangement is good, and the color harmonious and delicately handled. Pratt's own figure seems somewhat out of proportion, which is easily accounted for by the difficulty of painting one's self; but the middle group, of the two boys at the table with the antique bust before them and arras background, is a charming bit of work. When we recall that this picture was painted one hundred and thirty years ago by an American who had had less than a year's study in London, we think we are justified not only in calling it "a very remarkable picture," but in claiming for it a high place in art and in the history of American art.

From London Pratt went to Bristol, where he painted for eighteen months, returning to Philadelphia in the spring of 1768. Here he resumed his professional career, and "met with full employ for two years," when he made a brief visit to Ireland, where he painted a whole-length of Archdeacon Mann in his robes, which was exhibited at the Dublin Society of Artists with marked success. In 1772 Pratt visited New York, and painted for the Chamber of Commerce a whole-length of Cadwallader Colden, for which he was paid the munificent sum of £37. This picture, in excellent preservation, is among the art treasures of that respectable body.

During the war of the Revolution the arts naturally languished, and it was a long while before they recovered from the depression. It is doubtless owing to this cause that Pratt was driven to painting signs for famous hostelries and decorations for fêtes. He executed a series of emblematic pictures of national symbols, allegorical figures, and mythological subjects for the ball given by the Chevalier de la Luzerne, the French Minister, July 15, 1782, in celebration of the birth of the Dauphin. The most notable sign he painted was a representation of the Constitutional Convention of 1787, containing portraits of the members. It is certainly to be regretted that so important a historical picture should have been exposed and allowed to go to decay. Although we have spoken of Pratt chiefly as a portrait-painter, he executed meritorious works in other lines. A fruit piece, a holy family, a candle-light scene, and "Jupiter and Europa" are among his known works.

Not the least of Pratt's services deserving commemoration is the aid he gave to Charles Willson Peale in the foundation of the famous Peale's Museum, which for nearly half a century was of national interest. And this reminiscence points a moral if it does not adorn a tale. It makes significant the great difference between the powers of governments in aiding and conserving institutions of learning. When Peale's Museum was opened, in 1784, it was quite equal to the British Museum at its foundation in the character and importance of its collections, except as to books. To-day the one is scarce remembered, save by some delving dry-as-dust, while the other, having been fostered by its government with national pride, has a world-wide fame and gatherings worthy of its fame.

Matthew Pratt died in Philadelphia, January 6, 1805, and was buried in the historic Christ Church burying-ground, where repose the remains of Franklin and many other prominent characters. This narrative will not only help to preserve the memory of an early and capable American artist, and make his name and work familiar to the present generation, but will also emphasize the fact, which cannot too frequently be done, that we have had an American school of painters. *Esto perpetua!*

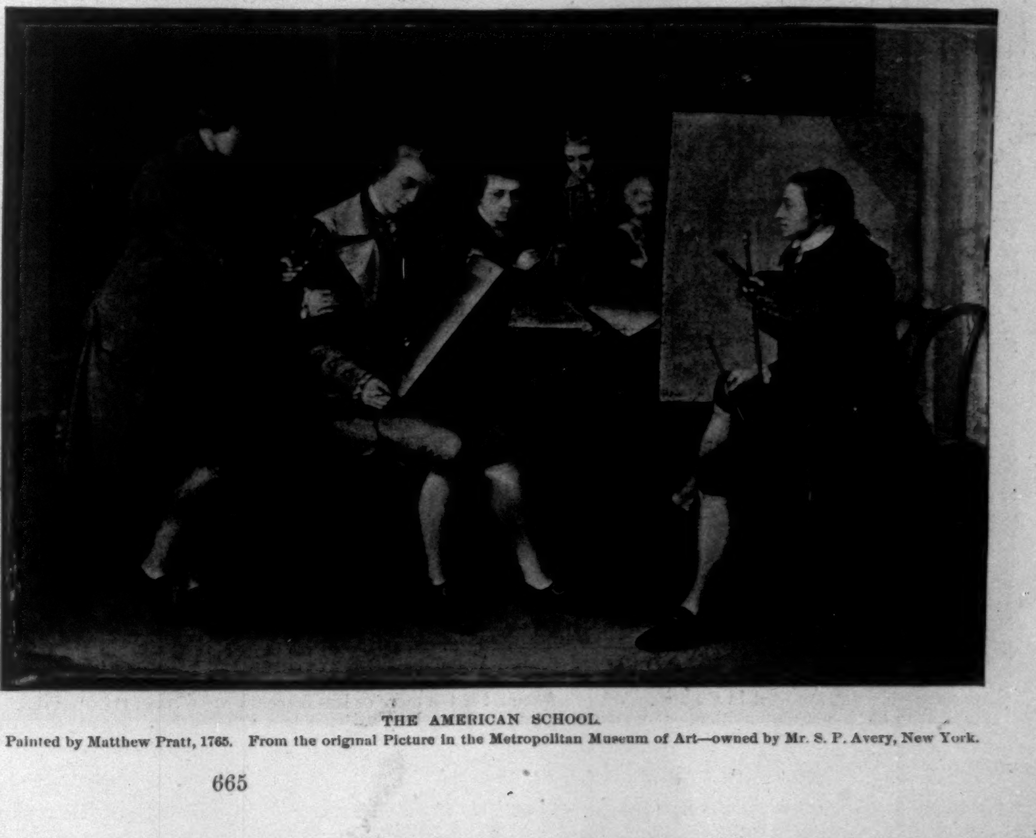
CUBITAS.

CUBA'S WHITE HOUSE.

THE following article on "Cubitas" comes to the WEEKLY from a Cuban source. It appeared to us well to publish it just as it was written, with all the pleasing and unimportant defects of English that are so thoroughly suggestive of its origin.—Editor HARPER'S WEEKLY.

IF an American tourist, anxious to experience thrilling emotions, were struck with the idea of visiting the palace of the Executive in the new Republic of Cuba, in order to shake hands with citizen Salvador Cisneros, and find out by himself how that gentleman carries war against despotic Spain, he would have to conquer no little difficulties and brave endless dangers. But, should he succeed in his endeavor, he would be largely compensated, for he would acquire unexpected knowledge concerning the Cuban warfare, at the same time that the most dramatic scenes are offered to his eye. A safe-conduct given by the Spanish authorities would be of no avail for the trip, because access to the impregnable mountains of Cubitas, is totally impossible for one who is not in connection with the inhabitants of those steep rocks, the faithful and brave guardians of the citadel given by nature to the liberating army.

The American traveller, however, is sure to have a hearty reception if he chances to speak to any of the mysterious agents which the revolutionary government has in the near seaports, and even in the very cities where the Spanish are all-powerful, and which, with constant peril of their lives, render the cause of Cuba the most difficult services by acting as a means of communication between the delegates abroad and the Executive. With the aid of any of these agents he will be provided with *guajiros*, who,



THE AMERICAN SCHOOL.
Painted by Matthew Pratt, 1765. From the original Picture in the Metropolitan Museum of Art—owned by Mr. S. P. Avery, New York.

heedless of the vigilance of the Spanish sentries, will guide him through paths unknown to the enemy, into the intricate labyrinth of the mountains.

The mountains of Cubitas lie on the wider part of the island, in the province of Puerto Principe, or Camaguey, to use the name given by the patriots to that part of the island. These mountains are separated by a large plain from the unbroken ridge which sinuously crosses the island from east to west.

To get to them, our traveller, as he leaves the city of Puerto Principe, must go first across plains and cattle farms, now abandoned and covered with brambles and briers, a distance of some eighteen miles, until the river Maximo is reached. There is no bridge on it, and so it must be swum over on horseback. It is the first obstacle placed by nature around the mountains where Cuba's government is castled.

On the other side of the river the ground becomes uneven, rocky, full of narrow and curved half-hidden paths, of which none but an expert guide would be able to select the right one to proceed onward through the ridge of hills, which concentrically rise and gradually become steeper, thus rendering the march painful, and at times almost insuperable.

Our traveller must be possessed with a large physical strength to be able to advance, alternately on horseback and on foot, through the narrow defiles and paths, sometimes on the very verge of the abyss. At times it is necessary to climb up the steep rocks, and others to walk upon a deep ledge of leaves through thick woods within which never did the sun's rays shine. But once these difficulties overcome, a plain is reached. It has an extension of some nine hundred acres, and the view which is enjoyed from the same over beautiful landscapes will more than requite the traveller for his pains, at the same time that a fresh and healthful breeze will give new vigor to his weakened lungs. He will behold the far-off sea yonder, where the horizon's line joins the sky's vault; opposite, the towers of the old city of Puerto Principe, and below, occupying a wide space, the rocky circular mountains covered with trees and peaks, like natural defences to protect the offices of the Cuban government.

And whilst he enjoys all this, he will notice the exuberant vegetation in this and in the surrounding plains, full of cocoa, banana, and other fruit trees, and also numerous herds and large fields in cultivation, where the yucca, sweet-potatoes, name corn and other vegetables for the necessities of the Executive and of the army are plentiful.

It is not, however, in this higher plain where the republican offices are located. It is used more as a watch-tower, for no army, large or small, could approach without being detected, in time to get ready for the defence and to lay the convenient ambushes. To reach the Presidential residence, a new march has to be made through an intricate thicket toward another plain somewhat below. A primitive city has been built there. The materials used have been almost exclusively furnished by the palm trees, from which at least one hundred *bohios* (huts) have been made to shelter the President, his secretaries, the army forces garrisoned there, and many families that, anxious of liberty, have taken refuge in Cubitas, thus escaping from Spanish humiliation in the cities. The centre huts, by far the largest and more showy, are those occupied by the officers.

The garrison consists generally of about 1100 men, well armed, commanded by the Secretary of War himself, General Roloff. Although no attack from the Spaniards is to be feared, and but few of them have to be on duty as sentries in the paths and entrances of the labyrinth, they are by no means idle. Some help the field labors and attend the cattle, whilst others are always busy in the different factories which have been established there, and others, finally, attend to drill and thoroughly prepare for military service the new recruits, of which there is always a large number at Cubitas awaiting to be provided with rifles.

Thus the traveller will not feel admiration only for the self-denial and courage of these heroic men whose life is devoted to the sacred cause of the independence of their country. He will not fail to remark at seeing them so orderly engaged upon their different tasks that they well deserve to have their "White House" transferred to the Havana Government Palace.

There are in Cubitas several smith and carpenter shops where the patriots' guns are repaired, tan-yards, and harness factories, and in a hut, far apart from the rest, gunpowder is made from the guano gathered in the famous caverns with which the Cubitas mountains are so abundant, and the empty cartridges picked up at the battle-fields are refilled, to be sent, as good and useful as if they were new, to the army in operation.

Another *bohio*, built with extreme care, larger than any of the others, is used as hospital for the wounded and sick, under the direction of eminent Cuban physicians, with the assistance of some of the women of that patriotic colony who volunteer to act as angels of charity in the wild solitude.

From impression to impression, the traveller at last is taken into the Presidential *bohio*, where he is kindly welcomed by citizen Salvador Cisneros, a gentleman who once bore the title of Marquis de Santa Lucia, and who left the luxuries and comforts of his home, as well as honors, riches, and personal conveniences, to represent in Cubitas the noble and democratic aspirations of his country, firmly determined to shake off the Spanish yoke.

Salvador Cisneros is tall and thin and wears long gray whiskers. He is cultured and affable: well endowed with the admirable gift of charming in conversation, which he beautifully carries on in English as easily as in his native language, for he spent several years of his early life in one of the Massachusetts high-schools.

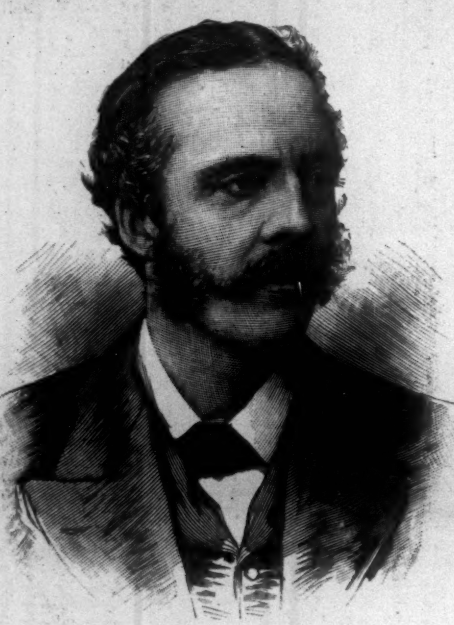
He is almost always busy at his office, and seems to be in constant communication with the patriot leaders from one extreme of the island to the other, and also with the delegates and clubs abroad. "We take the greatest pains to have a good mail service, and we have it despite the Spaniards' vigilance," he often remarks. In fact, copies of the New York HARPER'S WEEKLY and of the great dailies, of comparatively recent issue, are seen upon his desk. Mail is generally trusted to expert *guajiro* guides until it reaches the seaports; there it is confided to the pursers of the out-going steamers, or to Spanish post-office clerks sympathizing with or sold to the revolution. In some cases carrier-pigeons are used in Cubitas. When a force is sent out to distribute ammunition, or on any other important errand, the President constantly receives by this means all the information necessary to ensure success.

The city of Cubitas has a civil organization. The functions of vigilance and justice are under the charge of a Prefect and several sub-Prefects. All the branches of a good municipal administration work regularly, and if the traveller, before saying good-bye to citizen Cisneros, will enter the Prefecture, he will perhaps witness the performance of some interesting ceremony, for humanity in Cubitas being not different from humanity elsewhere, the young residents of the city are apt, as in any other part of the world, to fall in love and marry, and when there is a marriage at the capital of Free Cuba there is always a dance also; and as true democracy reigns among the inhabitants, the feast is attended by all—high officials, humble employés, soldiers and their families. These and other sociables take place generally in the open air, waiting the day when, under the lone-star flag, the inhabitants of the island of Cuba, already freed, may have at their disposal the palaces now withheld by the tyrants.

R. BUENAMAR.

THE THREE MR. BALFOURS.

THE Right Honorable Arthur Balfour, First Lord of the Treasury, and leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, has had in his time three distinct reputations, and the last of them has just suffered a staggering blow by the withdrawal of the Education Bill. That a ministry with a clear majority of 150 behind it should be unable to pass one of its cardinal measures, points to some grave blundering on the part of its advisers; and Mr. Balfour, being responsible for the tactics of his party, naturally comes in for the lion's share of the blame. His astonishing failure has set people revising their estimates of Lord Salisbury's nephew, and wondering whether, after all, he is such a heaven-born statesman as the world thought him six years ago.



THE RIGHT HON. ARTHUR BALFOUR.

Mr. Balfour's first reputation was won early in the eighties, as a member of that famous Fourth Party which, captained by Lord Randolph Churchill, and subalterned by Sir Henry Drummond Wolff and the gentleman then known as Mr. Gorst, used to worry the life out of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Gladstone's government. But Mr. Balfour, though he accepted Lord Randolph's shilling, was never recruited in the sense in which Wolff and Gorst were. He admired the dash and brilliancy and magnificent recklessness of his brothers in arms, but he kept out of the rough-and-tumble fight himself. His mission was to shed a sort of philosophical benignity over the raids of his filibustering comrades. He would lounge into the House when there was nothing else to do or when there was a promise of some fun, sprawl about the benches by Lord Randolph's side, and urge his leader on to yet more wicked efforts. He seemed to regard Parliament as a kind of show specially arranged for his amusement. Occasionally he would get up and say a few smart things, and dig the Gladstonians amiably enough between the ribs, and the House always heard him with pleasure, partly because he was the nephew of his uncle, partly because his easy flippancy never bored his audience. But no one in those days ever imagined for one moment that he had in him enough grit or earnestness to endure the dull routine of a serious Parliamentary life. He introduced into the House the air of languid indifference once popularized by Lord Melbourne. He strove to make himself appear utterly idle, hopelessly trivial and careless. Watching Mr. Balfour at that time, lounging with languorous grace along the benches, his legs stretched half across the floor of the House, you saw a man in whom no human affairs could apparently summon up the slightest gleam of interest. He was looked upon by the general run of men as a Parliamentary *flâneur*, an æsthetic dawdler, a mere trifler in debate, who, to save himself from intolerable boredom, would condescend now and then to practise the steps learned in the debating-hall of the Cambridge Union. His one serious anxiety seemed to be to ascertain how nearly he could sit with comfort on his shoulder-blades.

He gave himself a few sybaritish affectations, of which he seemed needlessly proud. He would lie in bed till noon, for instance, and he made a boast of never reading the newspapers. "I much prefer hearing the news from the people who make history," he used to say, "to reading the more or less inaccurate reports of third parties. I always hear all that is worth hearing. As for the rest, what a *corvée* I escape by never opening a paper!" Mr. Balfour had already published his *Defence of Philosophic Doubt*—said to be the beginning and the end of Mr. Labouchere's studies in that direction—and had accompanied his uncle and Disraeli to the momentous Congress of Berlin; and such little poses were no doubt pardonable in a man who had won distinction in two such different fields as diplomacy and philosophy before he was thirty-two. He was pretty much the same in society. The cynicism which is natural in Lord Salisbury was the merest affectation in Mr. Balfour. He insisted on being mistaken for a jaded Epicurean, craving only for a new sensation. People noticed in him what an Irish member, in a moment of inspiration, called "Balfour's toploftiness," and it irritated them. He was at such obvious pains to show that his aims and notions were different from those of other people. Every one, of course, was charmed by his exquisite courtesy and his readiness to be amused, but they resented his somewhat feminine airs of superiority and condescension. Even his conversation, often entertaining, and always well informed, missed much of its due effect by making his hearers suspect that no human being ever really found life so little worth living as Mr. Balfour would have them believe he did. Some one at Cambridge had dubbed him "Aunt Clara," or "Aunt Fanny," or some such name, and he seemed quite anxious to prove his right to the title. The comic papers made endless fun of his little airs and graces. We have amusing pictures of him smelling at a lily, his feet on the mantel-piece, while interviewing an angry deputation from his constituents. Those who knew him insisted that he really was listening with all his might and main, and that, so far from being wholly absorbed in lilies and blue china vases and so on, he was at very great pains to keep up the appearance of a trifler. But heavy, staid Conservatives, not pretending to much insight, failed to pierce through this masquerade. And no doubt there was something in Mr. Balfour's appearance—in that tall slender form of almost womanly grace, and the smooth gentle face with its youthful smile—which lent a certain color to their opinion of him. Anyway, the fact remains that for a long while Mr. Balfour was looked upon as a philosophical dilettante, who was playing at politics for want of some better amusement. And that was his first reputation.

When Lord Salisbury came into power in 1886 he appointed Mr. Balfour Secretary for Scotland. Every one was well pleased that, if Mr. Balfour cared for the post, he should have it. He was a pleasant, popular man, for one thing, and people hoped the dignity of office would have a rousing effect upon him. Then he was the Premier's nephew, and as such some minor post was considered his due. And, for the rest, the duties of the Secretary for Scotland are neither very onerous nor very important. But it was quite a different thing when, a few months later, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach resigned the Chief Secretaryship for Ireland and Mr. Balfour was chosen to fill his place. Then, indeed, a howl of consternation went up from the Conservative ranks. It was preposterous, a scandalous job, and so on. As for the Irish Nationalists, they received the news of the appointment with peals of derisive laughter, and the Gladstonians chuckled and smiled and rubbed their hands together in cheerful anticipation. The Chief-Secretaryship of Ireland had broken the heart of Mr. Forster, had whitened the head of Sir George Trevelyan, and driven Sir Michael Hicks-Beach into retirement—all three men who had grown old and experienced in the service of the country. To put this tyro, this absolute novice, this effeminate, book-writing, golf-playing lounger, to succeed where such men had failed seemed sheer madness. Of all the posts under the British crown the Chief-Secretaryship for Ireland requires the hardest head, the steadiest nerve, and the strongest hand. Just then, too, it was beset with especial difficulties. The Parnellites, maddened by the defeat of the Home-Rule Bill, were stirring up discontent in Ireland and thwarting the transaction of business at Westminster. Anything that came along they seized hold of and used to harass the government with. They were then a serried, well-disciplined body of men, under the leadership of one of the finest Parliamentary tacticians of our time. What promise had Mr. Balfour shown that he would be able to cope with such men? What had he done? What was his record? He had been Secretary for Scotland for a few months, and had girded effectively enough at Mr. Gladstone, and for the rest—nothing; absolutely nothing. No wonder the Conservatives quaked with fear!

But Lord Salisbury knew his man, and within a few weeks after Arthur Balfour—amid the misgivings of his friends, the open jeers of the Irish Nationalists, and the secret rejoicings of the Liberals—tripped up to the Treasury Bench to take charge of Ireland, it was admitted all round that the Premier's insight had been justified. The Irish Secretary, of course, is always the centre of the Parnellite attack. Him they abuse, mock, jeer, and howl at as only Irish Nationalists know how to. Mr. Balfour met them without flinching; he gave them blow for blow; he prodded them gently with his rapier, and laughed in their faces—always with unruffled temper and in perfect taste. He treated them like a lot of disorderly children, at whose impertinences no one but a fool would be seriously annoyed. Up till then it had been the boast of the Irish members that they could reduce any Irish Secretary who was put up against them either to compliance, to idiocy, or to a state of rage which cannot but tell on a man sooner or later. But no one meddled with Balfour without repenting it. He exhibited an indomitable and ever-vigilant self-possession, and, above all, he displayed that peculiar gift, or combination of gifts, described by the commendation of "being no fool." After one gasp of surprise, the Conservatives wept for joy. With them immediately it was Balfour this and Balfour that, and when you thought Balfour was exhausted altogether, then Balfour all over again. They could not worship him enough. He was their true leader, their heaven-sent minister. Here evidently was a man of conviction and of genius—none of your Disraelis with their flashy little trickinesses. Here was an aristocrat to the finger-tips—not like your Lord Randolphs, a lord in name but a plebeian in heart. *Vive* Balfour! Balfour the King! Did you hear how he bowled over Tim Healy, and how neatly he turned the tables on Parnell? Was there ever such a man? Wonderful, wonderful! There was something almost ludicrous about their new-found confidence and devotion.

In the mean while Mr. Balfour played his own game with the Irishmen, and played it very successfully too. His good-humor exasperated them, his easy *insouciance* was an intolerable insult, and his light-hearted mode of disposing of his assailants infinitely more aggravating than invective or abuse. It is annoying, after calling a man "the base, bloody, and brutal Balfour," to find you have only succeeded in slightly boring him. The Parnellites would spit out their foul abuse at him, and Mr. Balfour would smile peacefully at the ceiling and gently alter the position of his head. There was no breaking down this immeasurable disdain, and after a time the Irishmen had to give it up—beaten. They had never dreamed of finding such an iron hand under such a superlatively silken glove. Mr. Balfour governed Ireland just as he governed the Parnellites. He treated it—as has been said more than once—like a mutinous nursery. His policy was Cromwellian in its rigor. Coercion was its foundation; imprisonment, fines, and police constables its superstructure. And on the strength of the courage with which he backed up his policy the Conservatives prostrated themselves before him, and vowed that the mantle of Disraeli had at length fallen on the only shoulders fit to wear it. And that was his second reputation.

The Salisbury Parliament had all but run its course when Mr. W. H. Smith—"Old Morality," to give him his commonest name—the meek and pacific leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons, died. Mr. Balfour was elected at once, and with acclamation, to fill his place. No one doubted that he would repeat in his new office the brilliant success of his Irish administration. They did not stay to consider that the very qualities that made him a success at the Irish office would probably hamper him in the discharge of his new duties. Above all things, the leader of the House should not be a fighting man. It is his duty to get through the business of the government in the quickest possible time. He must avoid unnecessary friction with the opposition; he must wear a deferential, conciliatory mien; he must be quick to interpose at the decisive moment to wind up the debate; and, above all, he must have a firm hold on his party, and put an instant stop to the slightest signs of revolt or insubordination. If his party is in opposition, then skilful tactics and an unfailing watchfulness supply his weapons. In neither of these capacities has Mr. Balfour proved a success, and it was not long before Conservatives began asking themselves whether, after all, they had not presumed too much on his success in meeting the Irish onslaughts. When they found a man who could square up to the Parnellite attacks, and rather thrive under them than shrink from them, they thrust greatness upon him. Mr. Balfour has risen solely on the strength of his fighting qualities. During the last four years it has been dawning on them that they made a mistake. They are realizing that Mr. Balfour is not a skilful tactician; that as a debater on general topics he is only just in the second rank; that he has none of Mr. Smith's skill in managing the discontented or mutinous; and that his dialectical skill is really only available for purposes of defence and recrimination. And a good deal of this is true.

Mr. Balfour has been outmanœuvred and outgeneralled time after time. He has no genius for—he probably despises—the small arts of Parliamentary warfare. He has shown irresolution and weakness; he has allowed debates to dawdle on when a decisive word from him might have saved much precious time. Worse than that, he has displayed a seeming indifference to the duties of his office. It is one of the unwritten laws of the House that the leading member should always be at his post. Mr. Gladstone and Disraeli were rarely absent from the House more than an hour or so at a time. But Mr. Balfour started his career as leader by coming down late and leaving early. Questions which he ought to have undertaken himself were constantly being delegated to inferior members to answer. During the Gladstonian-Rosebery administration the heart and soul of the opposition, the real backbone of the attack, was not Mr. Balfour, but Mr. Chamberlain. As Balfour overshadowed Smith, so Chamberlain is overshadowing Balfour, and before long no one would be surprised to see the imperious Colonial Secretary standing in Mr. Balfour's shoes, and bringing his firmness and decisiveness to bear on the business of the House. Certainly Mr. Balfour's leadership has been somewhat of a disappointment. His failure has puzzled, vexed, and estranged his party; and the result was seen the other day when his followers threw off his light-fingered guidance and bolted on the Education bill. He entreated them to rally round the government and to save the measure, and their answer was to put down over a hundred amendments in three days. The bill was wrecked by its own friends, and the Liberals found the enemy delivered into their hands. Never was there so pitiable a collapse, and Mr. Balfour's inability to control his own supporters was the cause of it. However, Mr. Balfour is only forty-eight, and in English politics a man is not even middle-aged till he is past sixty. He has still twelve years of youth before him—time enough in which to live down his last and most grievous reputation.

PICAROON.

THE CUBAN INSURRECTION.

MACEO's fortified camp at Cuzco was described in a recent number of the WEEKLY, and reference was made to a hospital established there. The first illustration on page 654 shows a number of wounded men who are being conveyed to that stronghold on horseback or in litters, and the litters are ingeniously simple—two bamboo poles and a piece of straw-cloth; nothing else is required. The bamboo has the merit of flexibility, and the wounded are for that reason less distressed by the movement of the bearers. When it is impossible to procure bamboo, rods are made from the wild *yaya*, which is also exceedingly flexible. But at the best the appliances of this nature are rude, the medical supplies are inadequate, and for those who fall in battle or who succumb to the climate there is only a remote hope of surgical care and nursing. And, of course, nature re-enforces the courage of men who are perpetually confronted with such perils; nature has that merciful little way. "Half the suffering is just from fear, anyhow"—thus the men reason; and they will tell stories about fellow-soldiers who managed to get rid of that moiety of suffering. Here is one such story from Valdes: In the engagement at La Legua [mentioned in the WEEKLY for June 13] a lieutenant named Augustin Sanabria was wounded—his left hand severed at the wrist by a sabre-stroke. When he was carried to a field-hospital his hand was attached to the arm by a single membrane and a bit of the skin. The surgeon spoke of cutting it with the greatest possible care, but Sanabria made answer, "This is the way to do it, doctor," and, suiting the action to the word, with his right hand he pulled off the left. And he is in a fair way to recover.

Contempt of danger is the theme of another story that is going the rounds in Cuba among the insurgents at the present time. The hero in this case is their general-in-chief, Máximo Gómez.

When the sugar-mill called "Mi Rosa" was attacked, Gómez, who happened to be in the dwelling-house on the plantation, got word from a messenger who arrived *al galope* that the Spanish columns were drawing near. At the moment he was breakfasting, in company with his staff. "Captain," said he, to one of his aides, "take two hundred men and *detain* the enemy." A few moments later another messenger arrived, announcing that two more Spanish columns were in sight, and that they knew, from private sources of information, that he was at the sugar-mill. . . . Well, now (the story-teller makes sure of his audience here), what do you think his decision was at this juncture? He told them to give him a bed on which he might take his rest after the eighteen hours' forced march which he had made. And so, through the deadly hail and rain, the fusileers' work, and the crossing of leaden balls with nickel-plated balls, Gómez slept for an hour, with just ten men in his escort; and when he woke up, he coolly ordered a cup of coffee before mounting his

(*Continued on page 668.*)

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has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

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THE OUANANICHE

And its Canadian Environment. By E. T. D. CHAMBERS. With an Introduction by Lieut.-Col. ANDREW C. P. HAGGARD, D. S. O. Illustrated. pp. xxii., 337. Crown 8vo, Cloth, Ornamental, Uncut Edges and Gilt Top, $2 00.

The ouananiche (the fresh-water salmon) rivals, if, indeed, it does not excel, the brook-trout in the esteem of the angling fraternity. The author treats in a thorough manner the fish itself, and the country in which it is most common—the peninsula of Labrador. He has not only drawn upon his own extended experience, but has used with judgment all the literature germane to his subject. The taste for the pleasures of the wilderness is rapidly increasing in this country, and Mr. Chambers's volume should appeal to a wide circle of readers, while proving indispensable to the angler.

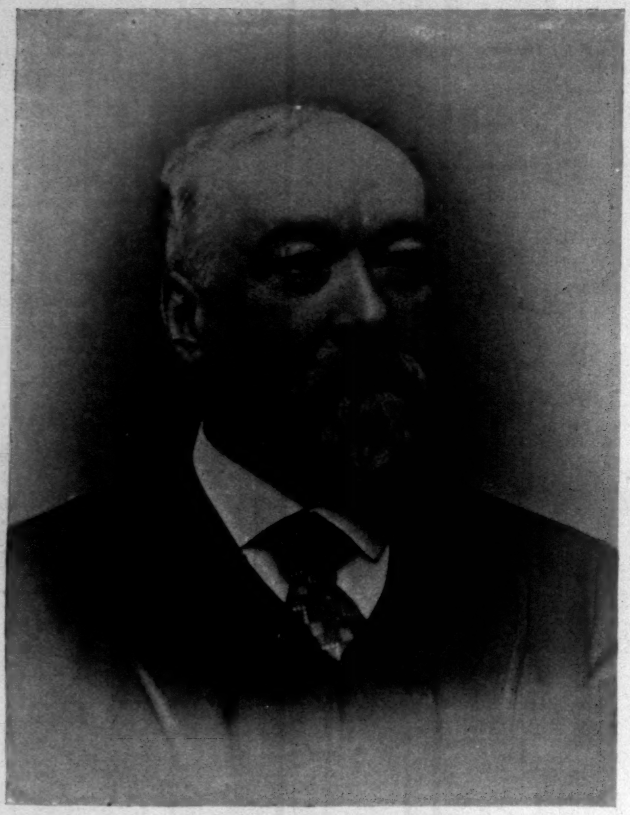
HARPER & BROTHERS, Publishers, New York

(*Continued from page 667.*)

horse, saying he would take that refreshment "before getting down to hard work" (*antes de entrar á batir el cobre*).

Two Spanish gunboats were cruising off the coast of Pinar del Rio last month when the insurgent master of that province, Antonio Maceo, succeeded in proving that they were not, as their commanders fancied, in a position to inflict an injury without receiving one in return—that they were not entirely out of harm's way. His plan was as follows: Brigadier Quintin Banderas, with five hundred men, was placed in ambush near the mouth of the San Juan River, while a group of fifteen or twenty insurgents, in plain view from the vessels, invited an attack. The ruse seems rather transparent, but it answered the purpose. Deceived by the insignificance of the visible force, the Spaniards disembarked their complement of marines, and when these had landed, the party in ambush opened fire, and "it hailed bullets" (*granizada de balas*). The battalions of Vizcaya and Alava hastening to their assistance, Maceo fell upon the latter, engaging one flank and the rear-guard; and after an hour and a half the Spaniards retired, leaving eighty-seven dead upon the shore. A medicine-chest and fifteen hundred Mauser cartridges were the spoil of the Cubans. Valdes says he afterwards learned that one of the boats was the *Alcedo*. At the time when he forwarded the sketch and the brief account of the action (May 12) he did not know the name of the other. A loyal newspaper published in Havana supplies this item of information, stating that the vessels were the *Vigía* and the *Alcedo*. The young soldiers from Vizcaya, a province in the north of Spain on the bay of Biscay, and from Alava, the adjoining province on the south, had a much larger measure of success—in the columns of the loyal paper. Valdes himself would not deny that they made excellent targets for the concealed riflemen. "We were sheltered in the hills that rise above the shore," he writes, "and we knew how to make admirable use of the advantageous position, for only three of our men were killed, and nine wounded." The last drawing on page 652 shows insurgents engaged in burning a bridge on the Artemisa Railway, with the design of preventing the passage of General Suárez Valdés's column. This expedient had the desired effect, it seems, for when the Spaniards arrived at that point, a day after the bridge had been destroyed, "we attacked them," writes Valdes, "on the four flanks, whereupon they retreated more than quickly [*mas que de prisa*] to Artemisa." The sketch is dated May 19.

M. W.



BENJAMIN HELM BRISTOW.

BENJAMIN HELM BRISTOW.

In the National Republican Convention in Cincinnati in 1876 Benjamin Helm Bristow, of Kentucky, Secretary of the United States Treasury in Grant's cabinet, stood second on the first ballot for the nomination for President. Blaine stood first, but Hayes was nominated. Bristow's name rang through the country as a reformer, as the relentless persecutor of the Whiskey Ring within his party. It made him a candidate for President, and it undoubtedly cost him his seat in the cabinet. He died in New York city on June 22 last of peritonitis. His retirement from public life in 1876 had caused him to be almost forgotten by the general public. He was a fearless and faithful public servant, and his great service to the country in the interest of honest government came at a time when corruption in national affairs was especially rampant and rings were especially powerful.

Mr. Bristow was born in Elkton, Kentucky, in 1832. He was graduated from Jefferson College, Pennsylvania, in 1851, and in 1857 began to practise law in Hopkinsville, Kentucky. The outbreak of the civil war brought him opportunities. His State wavered, but Bristow espoused the Union cause. He became Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-fifth Kentucky regiment. He fought at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and was wounded at Shiloh. He soon recovered, and became active again as Colonel of the Eighth Kentucky Cavalry. He participated in the capture of the famous Confederate raider General John Morgan.

In 1863 Bristow was elected to the Kentucky State Senate without his knowledge. He served until 1865, when he resigned, and began to practise law in Louisville. He was appointed Assistant United States District-Attorney for the Louisville District in 1866, and the next year he became chief in the office. Here was where he acquired his knowledge of the Whiskey Ring methods. In 1870 he resigned his office, but the next year Grant made him Solicitor-General at Washington. He was the first man to occupy that office, and gave his attention wholly to cases in the United States Supreme Court. Grant in 1873 nominated Attorney-General Williams for Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court. He planned to make Bristow Williams's successor, but the Senate refused to confirm Williams, and the arrangement fell through.

In June, 1874, President Grant appointed Bristow to succeed Mr. Richardson, resigned, as Secretary of the Treasury. He reorganized the administration of the department, and began war on the members of the Whiskey Ring. He pushed them to the wall in every part of the country, and many of the leaders were lodged in jail. Charges of corruption were instigated against him by his enemies, but an investigation by a committee of the House of Representatives failed to establish the truth of the charges. Talk of Bristow for President swept over the country. He developed strength in Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Kentucky. The Whiskey Ring men continued their war on him, and five days after the Republican National Convention met he resigned his office. The Whiskey Ring agents had boasted that they would drive him from the cabinet, and it is generally believed that Grant asked him to resign. He had 113 votes on the first ballot, 126 on the fourth, and 21 on the last.

After retiring from office Mr. Bristow came to New York, where he practised law, and made no effort to attract public attention to himself. He became attorney for several corporations, and was engaged in many railroad cases. His last appearance of note in court was to oppose the constitutionality of the income-tax law, passed two years ago. He was a member of many clubs, and was content to live in practical retirement, with the knowledge that he had gained the esteem of all friends of good government throughout the country.

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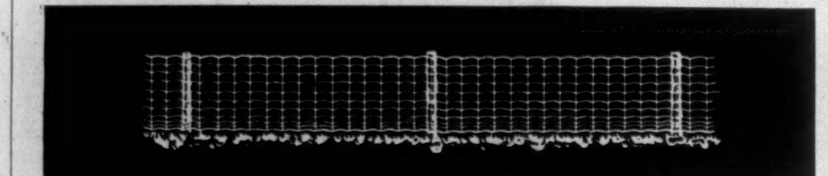

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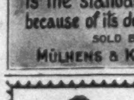

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AMATEVR · SPORT

The deciding Yale-Princeton game at New Haven, June 23, was a fitting close to the baseball year of '96. It was a loosely played game, abounding in errors, and wound up a season that has been notable in the two particulars of errors and slovenly play. It likewise again demonstrated that Princeton eagerness to knock the ball out of its cover, and inability either to get it over the heads of deep fielders or to place it with some value to the runner. That Princeton won was due entirely to Yale's errors, of which they made eight. That the stronger nine won is also quite true. On relative strength Princeton should have won all five of the games. Princeton having lost the fourth one on Manhattan Field, despite neutral grounds and her greater strength, there was every reason for Yale's confidence in winning the fifth and final one on home grounds. But Yale did not play so well at New Haven as on Manhattan Field. Only Greenway, Jerrems, and De Saulles failed of making errors, and Greenway really played a good game, notwithstanding he gave nine men first base, six on balls and three by hitting them. He struck out four, and allowed but four hits; but his fielding and backing up of Letton on first base were very good. He will develop into a valuable man next year, and has been an exceedingly good one this year.

Murphy was strong behind the bat, also despite two errors, and threw three men out at second cleverly, besides keeping the runners close to their bases at all times. De Saulles did a fine piece of fielding in the third inning, as did Smith in the same inning, only the latter spoiled it by throwing too high to first, and giving Bradley a life that eventuated in a run. Bartlett was not an improvement on Quinby at short, and that isn't saying much for him. Jerrems played his usually faultless game at centre; but Trudeau nearly deprived us of our breath by a most unusual muff of a fly, and Keator fumbled the hit that sent Ward across the plate with the winning run in the eleventh inning. Letton's couple of errors at first were as bad as surprising, but he made three of Yale's hits off Wilson.

Yale's best part in the day was the sportsmanly spirit which cheered Princeton's good plays when the game was a tie, and refrained at all times from attempts to rattle the pitcher. To have cheered a rival when a championship hung in the balance was the most glorious of victories.

Princeton had more chances to win the game before the eleventh inning than I have heretofore seen given a nine this season. And of not a single chance did the nine avail itself. I call that poor ball-playing. Kelly had two chances to bring in runs with some of that heavy batting he does on occasion—and did nothing. Altman had one of the same chances, and did as little; Ward had several chances, and popped up easy flies every time; Wilson, in the fifth inning, when the score was tied, had a chance with three men on base to bring in runs, but instead sent a nice fly into the left-fielder's hands. Bradley was caught off third like a tyro by a very clever bit of work on the part of De Saulles and Letton, and Titus and Smith and Ward were all caught in an attempt to steal second. For a team of experienced players, and one with so large a reputation for batting, that reads rather poorly. After a season's careful watching, I conclude Princeton stars to be heavy batters (when they can hit the ball) rather than skilled. I do not recall a game in which they have placed their hits or, with a good pitcher opposed to them, batted with the judgment one might expect from such players. They made six errors June 23, of which Kelly made three, and won because Yale made errors that happened to be more costly—and made more of them.

A base on balls and a passed ball accounted for one of Yale's two hits, possibly both of them, in the first inning. But Wilson pitched a good game throughout a very trying contest, even though he did allow six hits, and strike out but three men. He gave three more first base—two on balls and one by hitting. Titus, as a back stop, left little to be desired, though Yale had slight occasion to fear him in stealing second. Ward played a strong, errorless game at second, making one beautiful catch after a run.

But he spoiled the otherwise good impression by blocking Yale's runner on second, and his attempt, by raising his leg, to shut off the umpire's vision—just as Bradley at Manhattan Field ten days before had, by blocking Murphy's throw to second, spoiled a previous good impression. I have noticed evidences of this sort of thing several times this year in the Yale-Princeton games, both sides being offenders. Next year I am going to start a black list, adding to it as the offenders reveal their vicious inclinations, and printing it every week to show the men who have played the mucker rather than the sportsman.

At all events—errors, neglected opportunities, and weak batting included—Princeton won the game, 4–3, and the series, which was something; but she also won a New Haven game, which is considerable, and the third only since '83, the other two being in '85 (score 15–13) and in '91 (5–2). This may reconcile Princeton men; but were I a Princeton man, I should feel that not only had my nine failed signally to do itself justice, but, in an unworthy desire to retain a player, failed to reach the ethical standard set by Harvard and Yale. I should locate the canker, and I know, if I were a Princeton man, I would tear it out by the roots, to the relief of my own feelings and the honor of my *alma mater*.

This Department has assisted many times in the unmasking of professionals in amateur sport, but has now for the first time the somewhat novel and altogether unpleasant duty of disclosing the unmasked.

In all branches of amateur sport, governing bodies make rules for the healthful prosperity of the sport they are organized to foster, and for the intelligent and wholesome guidance of the participants. In golf we have an Association which makes rules to scandalize the game, and to license the professional tendencies of its votaries. In amateur sport the masquerader endeavors to keep his shame and professional tendencies from general knowledge. In golf the viciously inclined know no shame, and publicly proclaim their professional instincts.

In a dozen years or so I have known much of the inside and outside of amateur sport, but I have never viewed such shameless professional tendency as that in evidence on the links of the larger golf clubs around New York. Nor have I ever beheld a governing body with so perverted a conception of its functions—if, indeed, it may be said to have any conception at all.

Some excuse can be made for those transgressors in the general field of athletics who come of a class not born with a very clear conception of the ethics of amateur sport—but what excuse can be advanced for these golfers, most of them college-bred, and for this Golf Association, officered by men whose sporting education began and has been nourished in an amateur atmosphere.

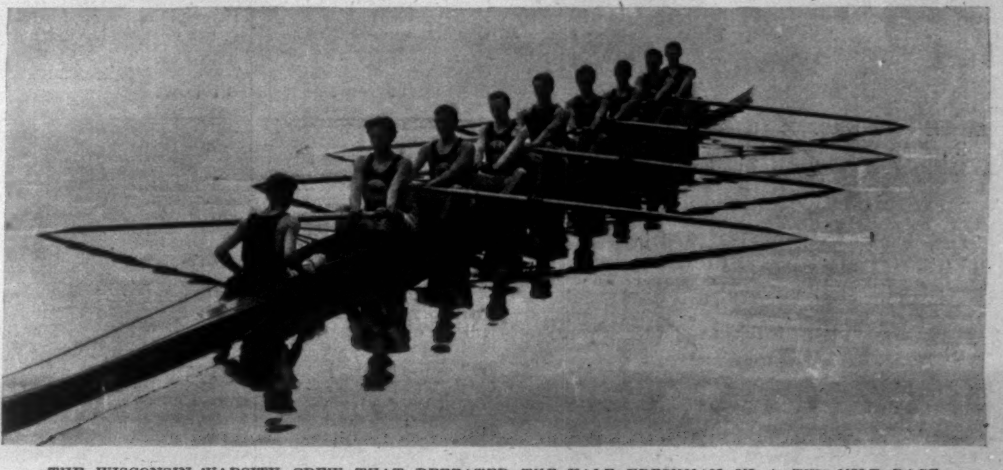
The United States Golf Association's definition of an amateur, to begin with, is simply farcical; it proclaims:

> "An amateur golfer shall be a golfer who has never personally made for sale golf clubs, balls, or any other article connected with the game."

Which is a definition taken straight from the old country, and bespeaks neither originality on the part of the Association's rules committee nor an intelligent grasp of the situations here, which differ vastly from those on the other side.

Under this wondrous definition, then, a man who makes a golf club and sells it is a professional; but another man may play for money, may teach for money, play under an assumed name, back himself without limit, and, in fact, do everything that in any branch of amateur sport would make him an outcast, and yet in golf be classed with the amateurs.

We need badly in this country, and they need also in Great Britain, a national congress, in which every sport shall be represented by its highest exponents, to meet annually and to settle upon universal definitions; to banish from the ranks of amateurs those that shoot pigeons for a purse, and those that race their yachts for money rather than for trophies.



THE WISCONSIN 'VARSITY CREW THAT DEFEATED THE YALE FRESHMAN IN A TWO-MILE RACE, JUNE 18, 1896.

There is only one definition for an amateur—one who pursues sport for sport's sake, and not for remuneration, directly or indirectly. The international congress which decided upon and arranged for the recent Olympic games purported to take up this idea of a universal amateur definition, but found its time too thoroughly occupied with the games themselves seriously to pursue the broad question of ethics. And yet the question should be taken up most seriously. There can be no degrees of an amateur; that was thoroughly demonstrated in the failure to continue Class A and Class B in bicycle-racing. Nor should one branch of sport give a freedom which another branch denies. How unjust and vicious, not to mention its inanity!—an athlete may not run, nor play baseball, nor tennis, nor row for money without suffering ostracism from among amateurs, yet he may shoot pigeons, from a trap, for a purse, accept money prizes in yachting, and play a golf match for a stake.

Trap-shooting we do not care so much about; it is pretty well monopolized by a class of men in whose amateur status we have no interest one way or the other; it is not sport; only a few men, who in general are considered sportsmen, go in for it, and several of these shoot under assumed names.

The alternative of cup or money offered at some yachting regattas has not yet developed into a very serious question, because hitherto only the largest clubs have done so, and very few winners have expressed a choice for the cash. At most, at least thus far, the scheme is tentative, and the general body of yachtsmen has not given its approval. Most yachtsmen believe with this Department that a man who cannot afford (which is the plea offered as excuse for money prizes) to race his yacht without the chance of getting back in winnings a part of what he has expended, ought not to race at all; he has no place in sport for sport's sake; it is a roulette table he should seek, and not a yacht-race. The argument to support his plea is, too, fallacious, for the amount any one yacht could win in a season's racing would be inconsiderable. However, this question, so far as yachting is concerned, will settle itself. There is too strong an element of sound sportsmanship in our yacht clubs to fear the influence of mere pot-hunters.

As much cannot be said of golf. A pot-hunting set seems to be in control. Acute symptoms of professionalism are in evidence, superinduced by an Association which legalizes what it should forbid. As a result, we have first of all that absurd amateur rule, which is worse than none; for a man who makes clubs and gains an honest living thereby, is on a decidedly higher ethical plane than he who plays the game for money. Next, as a result, we have our players making matches for a stake, publicly backing themselves in general tournament play; and last, we hear an "amateur" has opened a book on the forth-coming championship, in which the various players are regularly slated, with their rating, odds, etc., just like a lot of professional bruisers at a midnight "mill." I should think Messrs. Macdonald, Toler, Tyng, Livermore, Sands, Upham, Stoddart, Lynch, and the rest, would be pleased with the popular estimate of their ethics. I am only surprised the Executive Committee, after declaring Mr. Cox an "amateur," did not offer a purse for the amateur championship at Shinnecock instead of the cup. The Executive Committee is composed of Messrs. T. A. Havemeyer, Samuel L. Parrish, and Henry O. Tallmadge.

The rule touching special markers for the championship is inadequate and weak. What is needed is a special marker to accompany each pair of players.

The first year-book of the Golf Association is just such a finished piece of work as we might expect from a body that has distinguished itself by so high a disregard of its mission. There is wanting much of the needful information necessary to applicants for membership; there is no address of secretary or other official to whom one may write for enlightenment,—even that unique definition of an amateur has been omitted. Probably the Executive Committee was ashamed of it. Let us hope it has really at least that much sporting intelligence.

Chicago is not usually outdone, and though late in taking its cue from the Eastern clubs, has notably exploited the possibilities of the Executive Committee's "amateur." The Owentsia Club secured as assistant secretary the services of Herbert Tweedie, a well-known golfer, at a good yearly salary, intending to play him on the club team. That he did not play was due to the sportsmanship of the club's president, H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, and one or two other officials that supported him in his opposition to a proceeding that would have been highly repulsive to the spirit of amateur sport.

And yet Mr. Tweedie was entirely eligible to play under the amateur definition propounded by the Golf Association Executive Committee.

The records of the golfing season up to date show a decided and gratifying improvement in all-round form. New players have come rapidly to the fore, and the old ones, with few exceptions, are putting up a stronger and steadier game. The selection of the Shinnecock course as the scene for the amateur meeting was an eminently wise one, and the field promises to be not only large in numbers, but really representative in quality. English golfers are watching with interest to see how the combination medal and match play will work out in practice. At the recent meeting at Sandwich the "demon of the draw" was particularly aggressive, and the cracks were generally paired in the opening rounds. Barring flukes, and assuming that the little difficulty about the scoring can be arranged, there seems no reason to doubt that the best sixteen men at Shinnecock will come together in the match rounds, and that the finals will be played to a finish.

It is not so easy to name the surviving sixteen, since there are at least forty men whose public form entitles them to a look in. From Chicago will come the champion, Charles B. Macdonald, H. J. Whigham, Laurence Tweedie, and Dr. James Forgan. Whigham is a Scotchman, who has played since first old enough to carry a club, and is a graduate of Prestwick, where he was a scratch man. Golfing skill runs in the family; he has a sister who has holed St. Andrews course in 90. There are probably not a dozen amateurs in the country who could equal that performance. He puts up a strong game, but has succeeded only once in beating the champion, and that in an inter-club match, by the narrow margin of one hole, and by the excellence of his putting, the play otherwise being not brilliant. Tweedie and Forgan are uncertain quantities; but it is safe to say that the West will have at least two, and possibly three, representatives in the double quartet at the end of the first day's medal round. Macdonald is playing fully four strokes better than his 1895 form, which means the best game of his life. And Whigham is not far behind. Last week Macdonald beat Foulis, the professional, one up match play, doing 84 against his 85. Eight fives, eight fours, and two sixes. No flukes, simply steady golf.

Of Eastern players the most prominent on their public performances are A. H. Fenn, H. C. Leeds, James A. Tyng, Dr. E. C. Rushmore, and W. H. Sands. Between Fenn and Leeds there is little to choose, although the Brookline man had a trifle the better of the winter battles over the Aiken course, and won their special match last week by one hole. Leeds swept the deck at Lakewood, and Fenn did the same thing at Knollwood a few weeks later. The field was virtually the same at the two tournaments, Tyng winning second honors at Lakewood, and not playing at Knollwood. It is possible that Leeds may not enter at Shinnecock, but both men should be sure of places in the first match round. Tyng has been rounding slowly but surely into form, and judging by his score of 82, returned the other day in a Morris County handicap, should come very close to making one of the final pair. Tyng cares nothing about form, but he never forgets that it is his business to hit the ball, and he generally manages to do so effectively. Dr. Rushmore, when at his best, is a brilliant golfer, and his record of 77 for the Tuxedo links is the lowest amateur score for an American course. The pressure of professional duties has somewhat interfered with his golf practice this spring, but his game is a thoroughly sound one, and he made an excellent showing in the inter-club match between Tuxedo and St. Andrews. Of the four men mentioned above, no one has worked harder than Sands, and he has improved both in the character and in the steadiness of his play.

A. M. Coats, of Providence, is an old-country player, and is handicapped at six at the Scotland St. Andrews. He should be among the sixteen, although he has done but little this season in the way of match play. M. J. Henry, F. Amory, and Quincy A. Shaw, Jun., are also among the possibilities from "down East," Shaw being perhaps the best of the lot. Coats, however, seems the only sure survivor.

Coming nearer home, there are Menzies, Livermore, and Stoddart of St. Andrews; Park, Armstrong, Chadwick, and Pattison of Richmond County; Dr. Rainsford, Greg, and Trevor of Shinnecock; Claxton, Biddle, and McCawley of Philadelphia; Lynch and Kimball of Lakewood; Sweny of Albany, E. C. Kent of Tuxedo, and Toler of Baltusrol. Menzies, Claxton, and perhaps Park should find places, but it is anybody's race for the other vacancies, with plenty of chances for dark horses like Talbot of Tuxedo. Livermore should be heard from if he happen to be in form, for his top game is as pretty golf as one would care to see. Unfortunately his brilliancy is far too often offset by his lack of steadiness. Upon the whole, it looks as though Chicago would carry off most of the honors, and that if Macdonald is beaten out, it will be by one of the Western delegation. Until the rising generation shall have developed some players, it can hardly be expected that our club-men, most of whom have taken up the game since their third decade, can successfully compete with men who have learned their golf abroad and played it from boyhood. But it is safe to say that the meeting will be an interesting one, and the golf of a higher order than that showed at Newport last September.

The division of players into two or more classes for handicap matches has been tried at St. Andrews and Morristown, and the plan works very well in practice. It brings out the new players, and tends to eliminate the chance of a duffer winning on an off day with a dozen or more strokes in hand. Moreover, it is undoubtedly true that a man will play a better game against an adversary of his own class than he is likely to do when paired off with a long-odds man. Foozling is contagious.

The Wisconsin 'Varsity eight won so easily their two-mile race with the Yale Freshmen, June 18, on Lake Saltonstall, that we feel as if we really only half knew the capabilities of the Western crew. But we do know that the blade work and the body-work of this Wisconsin eight were not very much inferior to the best we saw at Poughkeepsie last week. They sat up to their work with good backs, caught the water hard and together, left it neatly, and withal had an excellent body swing with a hard leg drive. All in all, the crew was somewhat of a revelation to Eastern men of the attainments of Western crews. But in truth this crew may not be taken as a criterion of general Western rowing, for it is considerably in advance of its college neighbors. The conditions were unfavorable for fast rowing on the 18th, with a strong head wind and roughish water, and trying, too, to a crew averaging only 152 pounds, as did Wisconsin's, against Yale's 164. Moreover, the Westerners lost the toss and the choice of course, and were not in their best condition. So they certainly enjoyed no advantages.

Wisconsin caught the water first, at a racing stroke of 40, which was lowered 4 points at the quarter-mile, where they had a lead of a half boat-length. Steadily gaining, they were at the mile rowing easily (at 35) and cleanly, while Yale was pulling 38–39, in poor form, and splashing and falling behind. The space between the two boats increased as they neared the two-mile mark, and when Wisconsin finished in 12.06⅗, Yale was about ten lengths behind, and crossed 34 seconds later.

It is true the Yale Freshman crew was one of the poorest, if not the worst, which has come out of New Haven in recent years, but that does not alter the fact that Wisconsin showed decided rowing skill and a good stroke.

This Western 'varsity seems too light to stand the work of a four-mile race, but if Wisconsin can turn out a Freshman crew in such good form we should like to see it entered at Poughkeepsie next year. Statistics of Wisconsin:

	Class.	Age.	Height.	Weight.
Bow—William Dietrich	'98	24	5.08½	146
2—Walter Alexander (Captain)	'97	24	5.10½	155
3—M. E. Seymour	'98	20	5.06	151
4—L. F. Street	'98	20	5.10	149½
5—H. G. Forest	'98	20	6.00½	166
6—Lee Austin	'98	22	6.01	156½
7—A. F. Alexander	'98	22	5.08	142½
Stroke—C. C. McConville	'98	22	5.10	152½

Coxswain—H. G. Crandall, '98. Weight, 108 pounds.

The Poughkeepsie Freshman race was as much of a revelation of Cornell's form as that on Lake Saltonstall had been of Wisconsin's. Not that Cornell won so easily, but they had the race quite as certainly in hand after the first mile. Nor that even Cornell's winning constituted the revelation, for victory has too often crowned Cornell's aquatic efforts to cause surprise. But Cornell's remodelled stroke created a decided sensation among oarsmen. It was the longest and best stroke of the four crews; the men slid up to their work in perfect alignment and caught the water together, well forward and fairly hard. In fact, viewed from the observation train, and in comparison with the others, Cornell looked quite like a Yale crew. It had the same swing and lift and snap. Courtney never did anything to more certainly emphasize his rowing erudition and his discernment than the radical changes he has made in his stroke. He has been broad enough to realize he did not know it all and clever enough to profit by his English experience. No Freshman crew ever rowed in better form than Cornell last Wednesday. They won the race by a big length, and they deserved it, for theirs was the best crew on the river.

Harvard got a poor start, was not ready, in fact, when the referee fired his pistol, and did not get going together, and Pennsylvania got an instant's later start, though together; but although it might have made a difference as between these two for second, it had no bearing on first, as the race was rowed. Columbia got the best start, and led for a few strokes, after which it dropped back rapidly, and finally finished 25 seconds after the third crew. Harvard was close on to Columbia, and led to the quarter at a 40 stroke, Cornell, close up, pulling 38, and Pennsylvania, a length back, doing 41 to the minute. At the half, Harvard and Cornell were almost on even terms, and just before the mile Cornell began to steadily draw away, and as her boat passed the mile (in 5.10) it was just clear of Harvard, both rowing 38, while Pennsylvania, rowing 40, had lapped Harvard. Thereafter excitement was furnished by Harvard and Penn., since Cornell pulled steadily away, dropping to 33 at the mile and a half, while Harvard pulled 35 and Pennsylvania 37. The spurting of these two caused Cornell to increase her stroke at the mile and three-quarters, where her lead was somewhat cut down.

There was no comparison between Harvard and Pennsylvania, so far as form went, but the latter managed to get a lift together, and they made a great struggle for second. Foot by foot they gained on Harvard, until it looked from the train as though they were at least on even terms, if not leading. Harvard could not shake them off, and in fact seemed to make no effort to do so; they rowed in excellent form, but with no fire. Their stroke was too short to fall so low with a boat leaving them ahead, and another gaining at the stern; but they failed to hit it up until at the mile and three-quarters, when Boardman rallied his men, and in their only burst since the start, which showed dash and determination, wore down Pennsylvania, and won second by a short length, the times being: Cornell, 10.18; Harvard, 10.22; Pennsylvania, 10.26½; Columbia, 10.51. Pennsylvania's performance was the pluckiest of the day, for though having a bad start, and pulling a short stroke in ragged form, they hung on to Harvard by sheer grit and desperate determination. Statistics of Cornell Freshmen follow:

	Age.	Weight.
Bow—W. B. Stamford	18	156
2—T. L. Bailey	18	157
3—S. W. Wakeman (Captain)	19	158
4—A. C. King	19	160
5—Platt Russell	20	159
6—C. M. Oddie	19	162
7—W. C. Dalzell, Jun.	18	163
Stroke—E. B. Carter	20	158

Coxswain—S. L. Fisher. Weight, 105 pounds.
Average weight, 159½.

The 'varsity race Friday, in results and in character of effort throughout the contest, was almost an exact duplicate of the Freshman on Wednesday. Again Harvard led the way for the first half of the race, to be rowed down in the last half; again Cornell gave a masterful exhibition of Courtney's new stroke, and won handsomely; again Pennsylvania, handicapped by a poor stroke, hung on to Harvard pluckily, and in another half-mile would, like as not, have taken second on sheer grit and physical endurance; and yet again Columbia was the first to catch the water, only to fall so rapidly to the rear as to be out of the race before it was half over.

It was a contest between three differing strokes, and the best won. I say three because I cannot consider the Columbia stroke to have had fair trial. The crew went to pieces after its first effort; there were such breaks in the boat that not the best stroke ever taught nor the eight strongest men on earth could have pulled to victory with three of their number getting their blades into the water on as many different times.

The difference between Columbia and Pennsylvania lay in the fact that, whereas Columbia had originally been taught a good stroke, but slighted it, and did not pull together in the race, Pennsylvania, although instructed in an inferior stroke, pulled together and pulled hard. As between a crew pulling a poor stroke together and one pulling a good stroke raggedly, there is small doubt of the winners in four miles. Columbia's shell dragged along, but Pennsylvania jerked theirs through the water with a vim that was truly admirable. And the coxswain added to the crew's labors by his vigorous bobbing forwards—probably in the ignorant notion that he was aiding the boat's progress.

The experience of Columbia ought to dispel that fond belief, reaffirmed on the opening of every college rowing season, in the invincibility of veterans. Substantially Columbia had this year the same crew that won last year, also the same stroke; yet there has not been this year any life in the boat or rhythm in the crew; it has not been able to get together, nor at any time make the most of its experience and knowledge. True it has lacked the coach responsible for its stroke, but that is no sufficient excuse for men who rowed in such perfect unison and with such dash last year to fail last week even to approach such form. Mr. Guy Richards, who took up the coaching in the last few days, labored faithfully; but his time was too short, and his task too great. The Columbia crew, as a whole, has no reason to be proud of its '96 achievement, though in a few individual cases there was faithful skilled endeavor, notably by stroke Pierrepont, Captain Prentice, and bow Pressprich.

Cornell's victory was well merited—and twofold, victory over Harvard and victory over her own long-standing prejudice. To have accepted so promptly the lesson of experience, and abandoned the old short stroke for the new, is another illustration of that broad-mindedness and progressive spirit that have combined to give Cornell rank with the foremost American universities. Cornell's stroke last Friday was the best on the river, and the endurance of her men considerable. That they rowed with bent backs four miles in such fast time and finished strong is proof enough of their hardiness. The bent backs were not pleasing to the eye, and would be very apt to prove fatal to success to a crew driven hard the last two miles. But the stroke was excellent. A vigorous catch, a clean body swing, a good slide, and the oars pulled straight through; and, with all, a dash that never expired.

As between Cornell's and Harvard's stroke, Cornell's was distinctly better. The catch harder, less work done forward the rowlock, but the blade in the water longer and a better swing.

Harvard deserves credit too, for it was the best-looking and fastest crew we have seen from Cambridge. The work was smooth, inboard and outboard, and the leg drive strong and uniformly applied. But the arm-work came in too soon; the reach seemed out of proportion, and the stroke was not rowed out. Harvard rowed in good form throughout the race, and for two miles put some fire into her work. After that the men seemed to settle to the conviction of its being the same old story, and in the last mile were absolutely listless. Taking into consideration the difference in their strokes, Harvard's performance was not so commendable as Pennsylvania's. For, whereas Harvard had a good stroke, which needed the complement of steam, Pennsylvania had really to depend substantially on steam to drive an inferior stroke.

All that life which we had seen in Harvard's practice a few days before the race died away after two miles of the struggle.

Why is it Harvard seems ever to lack staying quality? Is it training, tradition of defeat, or absence of pluck? Certainly not the last. Yet it is most incomprehensible. For the first half-mile the life in Harvard's shell fairly bubbled; the boat kept shooting ahead, though not propelled by a higher stroke than the others. It was the steam they were putting into the sweeps, not the rate per minute at which they were pulling them through the water. Now if Cornell and Pennsylvania could keep that steam turned on throughout the four miles, why could not also Harvard? Has any one the solution?

Pennsylvania won third place by sheer pluck and strength, and to those boys and to their trainer rather than to the stroke they rowed is due the credit. It was probably the fastest crew Ward has ever turned out, and he certainly deserves credit for getting so much out of so poor a stroke. The crew's time had greatly improved in the last few days of practice, and the blades went into the water together. Otherwise the work was irregular and poor. A crew of less individual strength could not have finished within hailing distance of the leaders.

The start was an even one, Columbia catching the water first, but Harvard at once assuming the lead, and all getting under way quickly and without splashing. A most workmanlike start indeed. Harvard continued pushing to the front, and at the quarter led Pennsylvania nearly a length, with Cornell a quarter-length back of Pennsylvania, and Columbia a full length behind Cornell, the latter rowing 37 strokes to the 38 of Harvard and Pennsylvania, and 40 of Columbia. At the three-quarter mile Harvard led Cornell by a three-quarters boat-length, and the latter had attained a half-length lead on Pennsylvania, which had begun to find the pace too hot and was dropping back.

The stroke had dropped to 36, except for Columbia, which clung to 38; but Cornell's had the most power in it, and when the mile was reached Harvard's lead had been cut down to a half-length, while Pennsylvania had been left another half-length. Columbia was now out of it.

At two miles Harvard and Cornell were bow and bow, and Penn. two lengths behind. For a quarter-mile Harvard and Cornell held even, at a 35 stroke, but gradually the bow of Cornell began to show ahead, until at the 2½ miles a lead of an eighth of a boat-length had been secured; at the 2¾ miles, a half-length; and as the crews began the last mile Cornell lowered its stroke to 34, and by a full length led Harvard, which made one short 36 spurt that lessened the gap, and then, instead of fighting it out, also dropped to 34, and rowed like a beaten crew, without life and without hope.

Meanwhile Penn. was four lengths back of Harvard, but, after the 3-mile mark, began to creep up with a 36 stroke. At the 3¼ miles Cornell had gained one and Penn. two boat-lengths on Harvard, which at length aroused itself, and, raising the stroke a couple of points to 36, held her advantage over Penn., also pulling 36, but could not gain on Cornell, that was still holding to 34.

And thus they crossed the line, Cornell first by 2½ lengths—time, 19 min. 21 sec.; Harvard second by 2¾ lengths—19.32; Penn. third, 20.11; Columbia fourth—21.34. The fact that the finish-line stretched across the river somewhat diagonally to the observation train gave a biassed view to spectators, and prompted some unwarranted criticism of the official figures on distance separating the crews at the finish.

No comparison can be made between the times made on this course and that at New London. The Hudson course is faster than the American Thames, though I should say not so fast as the English Thames. Statistics—Cornell 'Varsity:

	Class.	Age.	Weight.
Bow—J. C. Ludlum	'98	19	160
2—W. B. Chriswell	'97	19	160
3—C. S. Moore	'98	19	162
4—F. W. Freeborn (Captain)	'97	21	176
5—E. J. Savage	'98	21	160
6—E. O. Spillman	'97	21	163
7—L. L. Tatum	'97	22	160
Stroke—F. A. Briggs	'98	24	140

Coxswain—F. D. Colson, '97. Weight, 108 pounds.
Average weight, 160½ pounds.

The conditions were perfect—smooth water, no wind, a course absolutely clear of all craft, and equally fair to all contestants. The wisdom of selecting the Poughkeepsie course was fully demonstrated, and the ability to keep it clear amply shown. Only the referee's yacht and the police boats and revenue cutter followed the crews.

It is somewhat amusing, to those of us who are familiar with the Yale stroke and with the coaching methods of Mr. Cook, to read English comment on the American crew. At first sight it was declared an inconsequential factor in the Henley results; but day by day, as the men have been working off their sea-legs, so to say, and getting down to their work and into their stroke, they have grown more formidable in English eyes.

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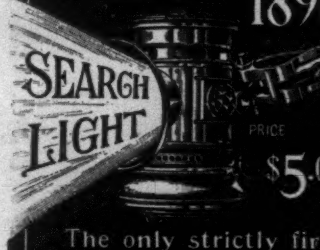

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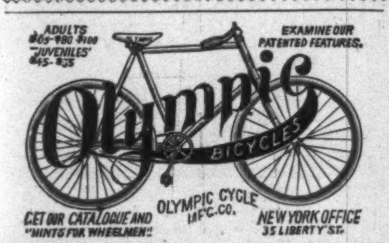

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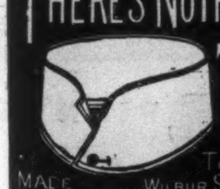

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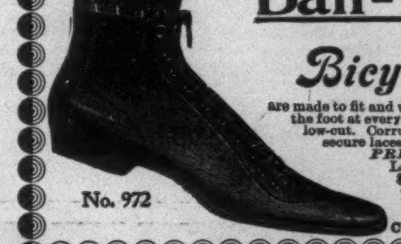

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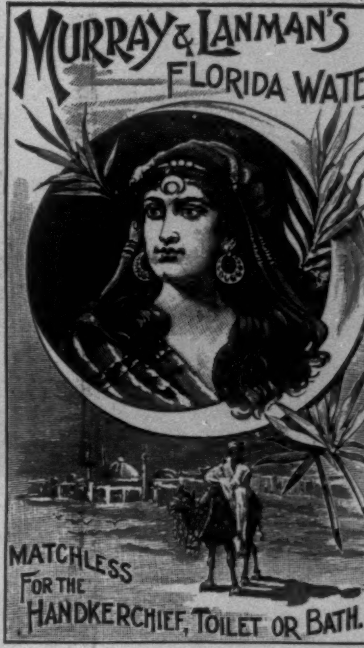

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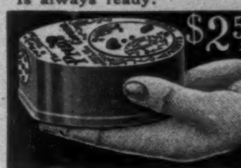

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